

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JANUARY, 1872.

SPIRITUAL ENGLAND.

A YEAR!—four seasons—one revolution of the earth around the sun—what an insignificant portion of the history of our planet does such a section of time represent! To the eye of science, whose accurate sense of infinite divisibility is only content with millions as a standard of computation a year—compared with the duration of the globe—may seem to answer to a single second, a solitary heart-beat, in the life of an individual. The moralist might take another view of the same space of time, and rather consider one year in the life of the human race as parallel to a fleeting day in the brief space of three-score years and ten assigned to man. As individuals bent on self-culture, we find that something of daily retrospection is expedient for us, lest our life drift at random; as philosophers, contemplating humanity at large, we were tempted to seize on the expiration of another civil year as a good occasion to moralise a little upon the spiritual condition of our time and country. But the subject is too vast and complex, and we shrink back appalled at our own temerity in essaying the task.

Let those pretend to examine the spiritual sanity, or otherwise, of thirty millions of people, who think that they can judge of it by the state of ecclesiastical institutions, or similar surface indications of merely transient influences. Such theorists may cover their tables with the blue-books of charitable and religious associations, chronicle perversions to Popery or Comtism, chant a jeremiad over the activity of a so-called infidel press, and end by drawing deductions dependent on their peculiar idiosyncrasy, or special taste in Christianity; but what light would be thrown by such a mode of procedure upon the real internal condition of the English nation? On consideration, it would seem as if there

were no available criterion by which to arrive at a practically valuable conclusion as to the spiritual state of England question. With nations, as with individuals, spiritual excellence is entirely relative—relative to physical condition, to moral surroundings, and to intellectual culture. And if it be difficult and presumptuous to try and estimate the exact soul value of our friends and neighbours, it is scarcely less so to sit in judgment on those grand combinations of subtly-connected individualities, commonly called nations. The only reliable test must be one applied upon a very extensive scale, like that ordeal through which unhappy France has lately passed. God forbid that England should ever be called to undergo the like. But such is the kind of touchstone, which shows what a nation is made of more effectually than any amount of blue-books or windy speculation.

Without, however, plunging into the latter, we may, perhaps, venture to assert, that it does seem undesirable and ominous for an active, enterprising people like the English to be wholly without faith in anything beyond the power of steam, chemical analysis, and, if you please, competitive examinations. This absorption of interest in material science must beget, and, as we see, does beget a sensual temper, which is closely allied to, or almost identical with, a cruel and reckless one. Even this devilish disposition is not so hopelessly bad as a thoroughly false, hollow, and hypocritical condition of mind, which seems to threaten England just at present. How can it be otherwise, when everybody is ceasing to believe at heart in the old forms, political or religious, and no spiritual guides can agree in teaching the people what should take their place? What single thinker of the present day in England, or, indeed, in Europe, has any considerable body of disciples worth computing? We have admired physicists, whose word is law in their respective provinces, but what religious teachers or philosophical thinkers of the least authority? Thirty years ago, there was no lack of guidance for the then generation. Whately, J. H. Newman, Carlyle, Maurice, Hamilton, Ruskin, Mill, were a host in themselves; but their day is past, and their words fall flat on ears for which they were not intended. In the meantime, we are witnesses of sundry startling and very grievous spectacles. Such, for example, as clergymen going about trying to galvanise mediæval superstitions into a ghastly semblance of life; and playing at Popery without a Pope, like Dr. Dollinger on the other side of the water. And these, forsooth, are actually the most popular party in the Church. As it has been often said, "What strange things men will worship in their extreme need!" As for the Evangelical or Puritan party in the Church of England, they may, I suppose, be regarded as ecclesiastically defunct. Although outside the

pale, the flowery, flimsy twaddle of Dr. Cumming may yet be heard, and the subdued but still sonorous tones of worthy Mr. Spurgeon continue to stimulate our chandler's sluggish conscience.

On the other hand, freedom of thought is represented by the innumerable progeny, or, at least, successors, of that spirited company of Essayists and Reviewers that kept all England talking fifteen years ago. Now-a-days, dozens of sceptical essays and reviews are published every month, and nobody takes any notice of them. They are quite a matter of course. No unprejudiced mind can have a shadow of doubt that rapidly increasing defection from orthodoxy will wax ever wider, until religious England believes as little as Germany. But in this country, unfortunately, scepticism is sure to be accompanied by hypocrisy and immorality, because it is both lucrative and respectable to be orthodox, and because in England morality is so closely connected with religion, that what destroys the force of the one, weakens also the authority of the other. How shall we oppose or guard against those evils? Temptations to hypocrisy may be removed by abolishing the social stigma which now rests on nonconformity to orthodox ideas, by introducing forms of worship as simple and expansive as possible, and by encouraging the clergy to spiritualise those doctrines of religion which are commonly accepted in a grossly carnal sense.

Again, when a science of ethics, based on political economy, and the physical and moral constitution of man forms, as it ought to do, a regular part of education, there will be no ground for complaint, that the cause of morality suffers with the decadence of popular religious orthodoxy. The loosening and spiritualising of Church formularies, with systematic instruction in the science of Human Nature—these, it appears, to us, are the two most important means whereby something may be done to ameliorate the many unhealthy symptoms visible in the body politic.

Some may imagine that the cure of England's want of faith may lie in Spiritualism. The testimony of history and actual experience will not allow us to think so. Spiritualistic marvels have lent their sanction to every fantastic and degrading delusion which ever acquired authority among mankind, and thus have often led the way to a reaction in sensuality and common sense. Not to dwell on this important fact, witnessed by the constant experience of four thousand years, we have only to look around us to perceive how spiritual communications are nearly always coloured by the mind of the recipient—Catholic, Mormon, Irvingite, Shaker, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Harrisite or Inward Breather! Every earnest sect that is not mummified

by dogma, has its confirmatory messages from the spirit spheres. How, then, can we hope for steady light or lasting freedom by a breeze from thence ?

We do not wish to depreciate our obligations to Spiritualism, which is doing, and will continue to do, a great work for man, but in a way which is not generally recognised. The mind of England is suffering from the paralysing influence of lifeless religious dogmas and obsolete ecclesiastical institutions, the authority and stability of which rests mainly on two great pillars—miracle and inspiration; destroy the special superhuman character of these—prove them to be only incidental attributes of human nature, and then all that is really valuable in Church and State will remain, while their obstructive, artificial, corrupting elements will at once evaporate.

Germany, with her wonderful erudition, has done much to shake off the nightmare of superstition from man's heart and brain; but Spiritualism has gone deeper, and has revealed to us the region whence this nightmare rose, and shown us how to guard against its recurrence in the future. It must be confessed that for Dantesque visions of an Inferno and Paradiso, it only supplies us with pretty water-colour landscapes of "Summerland;" yet these are serviceable enough for the time being, however inferior as works of art. But Spiritualism has done more than this. By the evidence it affords, that man possesses hitherto unacknowledged powers and capabilities for good and evil, it fills us with awe at the grandeur and mystery of our own nature, and helps to wean us from from frivolity and sensualism to life-objects, worthy of a being only a "little lower than the angels."

Modern Spiritualism is, *in this manner*, as we hope and believe, adapted and destined to prepare the way for another age of faith. But we see no promise that those interesting but abnormal occurrences known as spiritualistic can ever themselves become the objects or basis of an elevated, rational, and effectual religious idealism worthy to command the allegiance of a cultured nature.

Religious faith has ever a twofold object—first, the Divine, the Perfect Being; second, the unseen, ideal world, present and future, embodied or disembodied, whereby that Eternal Love, Wisdom, and Beauty manifests itself. But man's knowledge of the Divine order which, by a necessity of his nature, he personifies as God, cannot be given to him from without. He can only know God in so far as he is himself Godlike—in proportion as his entire nature develops in harmony with itself, and so becomes an organ for the reception of Divine power and graces. Man is equally incapable, as history and experience demonstrates, of learning anything *from without, substantially true and reliable*, of

that invisible, immaterial sphere of existence, to which he belongs by virtue of his spiritual attributes, although a dim shadowy reflex of those unseen realities may cross his path, stimulating to curiosity and fancy, staggering and overwhelming to natural science. We do not scruple to add, that we consider such phenomena have *as yet* proved misty, perplexed, confounding, and untrustworthy as a basis for a deeply-seated faith, however valuable in a psychological point of view.

And may we not assign a reason for this? Are we not each of us, by virtue of the glorious attributes which constitute us men, already, while on earth, and hampered by an envelope of flesh and blood, mysteriously associated with a TRULY SPIRITUAL world? Do we not each of us carry about a suprasensual atmosphere of memories, thoughts, desires, ideas, which are, to the denizens of a higher sphere, substantial realities and means whereby they hold communion with us? Does it not seem on the face of it improbable, that we could ever rise above the range of this encircling atmosphere of thought, which is the very life-sustaining element of our souls? And until we do succeed in this, what chance have we of experimental knowledge of the realms of the next sphere of spiritual existence?

We know, however, enough to feed our hope and faith; and we have reason to believe that, as in succeeding ages conceptions of the Divine Being will be immeasurably higher and truer than any yet entertained, so also men's ideas of the unseen world will become as superior to those rough, contradictory sketches of half-remembered dreams we get from inspired speakers now-a-days, as these latter are more akin to reality than the absurd, incredible, traditional mythical heavens and hells of modern pulpits.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," &c.

JACOB'S LADDER.

DREAMLIFE.—ECSTATIC LUCIDITY.—THE MATERIAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

HEAVEN and earth, angels and men are probably not separated by quite so wide a gulf as is usually supposed. The prevalent theology treats of the supernal as something afar off, as a place rather than a condition, as without rather than within, as a scene eminently objective, rather than a sphere profoundly subjective. Its radical error is an under-estimate of the worth and capability of a human soul. It does not seem to know that man is an embryo angel, before whom the limitless possibilities

of eternity expand in all their glory or yawn in all their terror. As an accompaniment of this, it very naturally believes in ready-made dwellers in the empyrean, not knowing, apparently, that every being in the universe occupies of necessity the position of which he is deserving, for which he has wrought, and to which he has attained. It is far too limited in its ideas, too material and temporal in its conceptions, not having, indeed, adequately realised the fundamental truth that all veritable causation is spiritual and eternal, and, consequently, that everything we can see and know here is but a fragment of the perishing sphere of effects. Nor is this to be wondered at, for it is the religion of a material age, the faith of an inductive generation, whose creed is based upon the facts of sense rather than derived from the principles of reason, who prefer sight to insight, and esteem perception as superior to intuition. It is, of course, unavoidable that the belief of such a people in seerdom should be purely traditional. They see with the eyes of other generations, not their own. They believe in miracles that are narrated in their sacred records, which they would despise as tricks of legerdemain were they to occur in their own neighbourhood and among their cotemporaries, and they accept as God-sent messengers to other times the very men whom they would now incarcerate as lunatics, or punish as impostors.

It seems to be inevitable that every age should have its own idolatry, and ours is the worship of a Book. We have very properly discarded the profligate, though beautiful deities of Olympus, and relegated even the Catholic "Queen of Heaven" to her simple position as a wife and mother, who was "blessed among women," but we are yet under complete bondage to "the Sacred Volume." A Hebrew record, embodying the traditions, history, poetry, and prophecies of a small tribe of Syrian mountaineers, has become a written basis for the religious faith of Aryan Europe. True, it is a perfectly unique production, far more so, indeed, than mere divines and scholars have yet supposed. We now know that it is the sole remaining literary fragment of a vast cycle of civilisation, so ancient, and the subject of so dire a destiny, that all its other written records have perished, and so we term it, by way of distinction, "monumental." Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, and Phœnicia have come and gone, flourished and decayed, without leaving any other existing bequest to posterity than the ruins of their mighty cities and the echoes of their greatness, treasured in the pages of their enemies and conquerors. These Semitic nations, whose power overawed the ancient world, while their wisdom and knowledge took it willingly captive, have passed away so utterly, that their very books have perished with them; and but for the recent

discoveries of archæologists, we might have remained entirely ignorant of the manner of their life, the style of their architecture, the fashion of their dress, the ceremonies of their worship, or the articles of their belief. But to this the Jews are an exception; they have preserved their records, and with them such specimens of their law, rubric, proverbs, and literature, that without much effort we can restore the tone of thought and feeling, and with them the prevailing forms of speech and the customary modes of action once extant among the peoples constituting this ancient family of men.

Now among other specialities of thought and belief which may be found in the Bible, but which, notwithstanding its sacred character, find but little acceptance among its readers, may be enumerated a religious belief in the guiding power and oracular character of dreams. Of course orthodox people believe in Bible dreams as they do in Bible miracles, that is, they put a Sunday faith in them—they believe in them as narratives of special and exceptional vouchsafement to extraordinary persons in times past—but they laugh at everything of the kind now. Such things were, no doubt, quite true in the case of Jacob and Joseph and Nebuchadnezzar; but to suppose that George and Charles and Henry could be similarly favoured would be simply ridiculous!

The truth is, that the philosophy of dream-life is not understood. It is not in harmony with the spirit of a material age, and the time for its thorough investigation has not yet arrived. Our metaphysics are shallow, and therefore, to appearance, clear. Our plumb-lines are short, and when they have been run out, we fancy that the ocean of truth has been fathomed. Perhaps the earlier generations were wiser in this matter than ourselves. They believed and wondered, feeling that they stood in the presence of a profound mystery, and awe, soul-absorbing yet exalting, stood to them in the place of knowledge. While we, on the contrary, with our cleverness and superficiality, conduct ourselves like dogs in a cathedral, incapable of either perceiving its grandeur or appreciating its sanctity. It is, of course, impossible that we should retain our present position. Humanity will not consent to for ever ignore so important a province of its consciousness as dream-life, and as we cannot go back to the superstitions of the past, we must advance upon the investigations of the future. We want to know what dreams are, and why we believe in the reality of our somnolent experiences while asleep, and yet disbelieve them the moment we are awake? We want to know why some dreams are obviously the product of ecstatic lucidity, while others are apparently the offspring of irremediable chaos? And what was that "interpretation of

dreams," whereof we read so much in "holy writ," and despise so heartily in practical life? On what law of correspondence was it founded? Was it a baseless superstition or is it a lost art? How did Joseph and Daniel excel in it? Have we not reason to believe that, like many other things once credible, it had a foundation in fact, and will, some day, come up for fresh adjudication at the hands of a generation more profound and more truly enlightened than our own!

CORRESPONDENCE RESPECTING "THE ARGUMENT *A PRIORI*."

THE readers of *Human Nature* will remember that, some time since, I inserted a short review of the famous "Argument *a Priori*" of my friend, William Honeyman Gillespie, Esq., and as many of them may have since read the work, I feel assured that the following correspondence, which speaks for itself, cannot fail to prove interesting to them. No remarks of mine are needed to point out the prospective importance that must attach to a reaction of the philosophy of the West on that of the East; and I can only hope therefore that the anticipations of the learned and accomplished Oriental scholar, expressed in the following letters, will be fully realised, and that we may some day see the "Argument *a Priori*" in a Sanscrit dress, and taking its place beside those Eastern treatises on theosophy, whose date is reckoned not only by centuries, but millenniums.

J. W. JACKSON.

46, Melville Street, Edinburgh, Dec. 2, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received *Human Nature* for November, addressed in your well-known hand—a welcome sight—and, in fact, only the precursor of a letter in reply to mine.

I have before me an epistle which I have just received from a real member of the Brahminical caste—a fact which at once takes me back in mind to a contact with one of the most ancient systems of philosophy. Knowing your feelings of veneration for that old system of metaphysic, I have thought you would be pleased—indeed, highly gratified, at receiving a copy of my Brahmin's communication, as well as of my reply.

If you choose, you may lay the correspondence before your publishing friend, Mr. James Burns, who may possibly, feel disposed to bring before his *circle*, the contact thus established between the East and the West—between a member of the Oriental brotherhood and the Occidental fraternity of philosophers.

One association gives birth to another. It so happens that, on the top of the Brahminical letter, there lies at this moment a letter from the Far West—from a portion of the Americas, in fact. The letter,

which is uppermost, is from the gentleman referred to in a note of page 17 of the preface to the sixth edition of "The Argument." The letter itself runs as below.

See how the circles widen! Not only is "The Argument," producing conviction of a directly theistical character, but here is plain evidence that it is calculated to produce a revolution in the theological mind itself of the prevailing "views in regard to the duration of future punishment." I say, the views prevailing as yet—and alas! and alas! that it should be so. If Jehovah be opposed to the Moabitish god, the licentious Baal-peor, no less is he opposed in character to the Ammonitish Moloch, the representative of the cruel; and would to God that the set time for the fall of this idol (set up over against the true divine) were come!

In a word, the Brahmin of Ind, and the white man of Newfoundland—antipodes to each other—shake hands by means of the mediumship of "The Argument *a Priori*."—I remain, my dear Sir, ever yours truly,

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

J. W. Jackson, Esq., London.

St, John's, Newfoundland, 29th October, 1871.

HONOURED SIR,—I have to acknowledge the favour of receiving an "advance" copy of the sixth edition of "The Argument *a Priori*."

I have given the work a careful perusal, and I beg to testify my great appreciation of it as a whole.

It has been the means of modifying my views in regard to the duration of future punishments. I am inclined to think that the notions advanced are in accordance with an honest and intelligent interpretation of Scripture. In this respect, as in many others, I consider "The Argument *a Priori*" a book for the times, calculated to check infidelity in the *quasi* philosophical aspects which it assumes at the present day.—I am, honoured sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN NEILSON.

W. H. Gillespie, Esq., 46 Melville Street, Edinburgh.

Lincoln's Inn, London, 20th November, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge, with my very best thanks, the present of a copy of your work, entitled "The Argument *a Priori* for the Being and the Attributes of the Lord God."

I have just read only a portion of the philosophical prefatory remarks which are introductory to this, the sixth edition, so aptly termed by you the "Theists' own edition."

If you will not deem it a vain compliment, I will here record *en passant*, that, from a cursory glance at the contents of the book, I have no hesitation in opining that your work will vie, as far as strict logical reasoning applied to "the science of sciences" is concerned, with the celebrated first part of Butler's "Analogy."

After I have carefully read your work, I shall have (as promised to our common friend, Mr. Orr, of Glasgow) great pleasure in submitting

for your private perusal a review (to use the technical term) of it from a Brahminical, *i. e.*, theistical point of view—a point at which I have arrived by the perusal, in a philosophical spirit, of those sterling works of Indian theophilosophy in the Sanskrit language, at the head of all which the unique work of Shri Vyas Swami so meritoriously stands, and the title of which is "Shri Bhagvadgita."—Yours, very faithfully,

K. G. DESHMUKH, B.A., M.R.A.S.

W. H. Gillespie, Esq., of Torbanehill, Edinburgh.

46 Melville Street, Edinburgh, 25th Nov., 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your kind and gratifying letter, dated the 20th inst., and I am concerned to let you know that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to receive a review by you of my work from the Brahminical, *i. e.*, theistical point of view. Indeed (to let you into a secret), I have long cherished the ambition to obtain the views of a philosopher, well-versed in that most ancient metaphysical and theological, or theosophical system—the Hindoo; the views, I say, of a qualified philosopher regarding my demonstration, as receiving or imparting light from, or to, that most ancient method of philosophising.

It will not be uninteresting to you to be told that, in the course of a few weeks, there will be published (D.V.) a quarto impression of this sixth edition, on superior paper; and it is intended that a portrait of the author shall form a frontispiece. It shall be my care to furnish you, among the first possessors of copies, with one of the volumes in question. You may, perhaps, find that the quarto copy will afford facilities, in its ample margins, for recording observations occurring during perusal. In the meantime, believe me to be, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

(Signed)

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

K. G. Deshmukh, Esq., B.A., &c., London.

London, 5th December, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 25th ultimo.

I have learnt, with great interest therefrom, that you intend publishing a quarto impression of the "Theists' Edition" (*i. e.*, the sixth); and I will await with pleasure the favour of a copy of this splendid edition, as its ample margins will no doubt facilitate the pleasurable task of recording parallel passages from the "theosophical works" of the ancient Brahmins—the Kirhis, the Munis, the Acharyás, who made it their specialty in life to grapple with the subtle problems of metaphysics, psychology, and "theosophy," and by dint of abstruse analytical, as well as synthetical reasoning, based upon facts and phenomena, gathered more from self-introspection than the observation of the objective world without—succeeded in the correct solution of very many subtle questions, which do not fail to astound even the thinkers of the nineteenth century.

I have read some portions, and looked through the contents of your work; and I have begun to entertain the idea of asking your permission

eventually to have it translated into the Indian languages, especially in the classic tongue of Hindoosthan—the Sanskrit.

The mathematical precision of statement (so to speak), invariably so successfully resorted to by you in the demonstration of truth in the pages of your work, is such as, I believe, should not be lost, at least, to any Aryan nation, simply because of the inseparable accident of its being written first in English—which, it may be added, is almost becoming the modern—classic, or, rather, the political tongue of India.—

Very truly, yours,

(Signed)

K. G. DESHMUKH.

William Gillespie, Esq., &c., &c.

ABOUT BOOKS.

THE subject of Spiritualism will derive considerable benefit from an unique little work just issued, from the pen of Gerald Massey.* The publisher terms it the commencement of a "Diamond Series," and truly this first volume is well worthy of the title, if we take into account the clearness of its facets and the sharpness of its edges. There are but few opposing surfaces which this piquant implement is not capable of scratching and successfully defacing. It is a *multum in parvo* of Spiritualism, as if the whole of the subject had been boiled down into a convenient globule capable of being taken at a comfortable dose. At the end are a few extracts from the author's spiritual poetry, respecting which we hope to have something at large to say in an early number.

The other day a correspondent, in referring to our article in last number respecting Mr. Peebles and the spirit writing, observed that he always experienced a pleasant thrill whenever he read anything connected with Peebles. Such will be the opinion of many friends of that gentleman who read his biography,† just issued by W. White, of the *Banner of Light* office, Boston. It is one of the most beautiful books in the whole range of spiritual literature, and the gilt symbol on the board represents the life of the man at one view. As a progressive teacher, Mr. Peebles merits the deepest attention, and his vicissitudes and trials indicate a stern love of truth and a genuineness of principle which is but seldom witnessed; and, amidst jealousy, detraction, and the fiendish opposition of bigots, our friend has exhibited the courage and bearing of a true, pure man. In some respects even a more decided interest attaches

* Concerning Spiritualism. By Gerald Massey. One shilling. London: J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row.

† "The Spiritual Pilgrim: A Biography of James M. Peebles." By J. O. Barrett. Boston: W. White & Co. London: Burns.

to Mr. Peebles as a medium. The chapter on his relation to the spirit world, and experiences with mediums in penetrating the higher spheres, wherein exist the highly arisen spirits of the long ago, is extremely interesting, and we cannot remember of its being paralleled in any other work. Mr. Peebles' visit to this country is carefully recorded, and many of our readers will be pleased to find their names and incidents connected with them mentioned in this part of the work. Numerous extracts from correspondence, speeches, and newspaper articles render this work a valuable acquisition to contemporary history; and altogether it is a product which may be perused, not only with great pleasure, but with decided profit. An excellent steel portrait of the "Spiritual Pilgrim," by our friend Mr. Sherratt, prefixes the work.

No greater indication of refinement exists in a community than the love of pure, beautiful music, and a corresponding mark of intelligence is the wedding of such music to rational and soul-elevating sentiments. With a view to promoting such desirable ends, Mr. H. W. Smith, of Edinburgh, assisted in the musical department by Mr W. Hatley, has just published a most beautiful volume of 150 pages, containing upwards of 200 beautiful moral songs and hymns,* derived from a number of the best sources. In the preface the editor observes: "My object in compiling this little book has been to provide a collection of hymns suitable for general use in the family and the school-room. I have, therefore, restricted the selection to those hymns which inculcate religion (or the faithful discharge of duty) *for its own sake only*. It was not possible in one small volume to illustrate every phase of a religious life thus interpreted; but, having endeavoured to carry out my plan in a catholic spirit, I cherish the hope that the book will tend to make the happy happier, to give comfort to the afflicted and desponding, to encourage the young and irresolute, and to lead all to ponder and to feel the realities of life, and so become actively and securely virtuous." We recommend the work, in the most cordial manner, to our readers.

No one is so bitter against the injustice of ecclesiastical establishments as those who have lived under their wings, and are therefore acquainted with the workings and objects of such organisations. Mr. Noyes is a university man, and, whether from disappointment in his worldly ambition, or a change of views from higher motives, has thought proper to rail out, in no measured terms, against the cant and superstition taught by our

* "Hymns of Life for Human Encouragement." Edited by H. W. Smith. Music selected and arranged by W. Hatley. Edinburgh: T. Laurie, 38, Cockburn Street. Laurie, London.

great men in caps and gowns as religion and theology. The little work before us* is written gracefully and fluently, and though the words may be rather excessive for the ideas they embody, yet, upon the whole, the tendency is good, and indicative of a literary talent which, if fertilised by a more vivid degree of spiritual light, would be capable of producing something higher. Our recommendation to our author and every one else is—live, learn, and try again.

In the whole field of social progress, no name stands more prominent than that of Owen; and the lustre which has been shed upon it by its present possessor, attracts a wider range of admirers than the social tactics adopted by the hero of New Lanark. The son, Robert Dale Owen, as is well known, has for many years devoted himself most assiduously to the task of investigating the nature of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and reporting the results to the world in the form of frequent volumes. The one now issued† is written apparently for a special class, the ministers of the Protestant religion. The first section of the work is taken up by a long and carefully written address to those gentlemen styled reverend, succeeded by a classification of the phenomena viewed from their peculiar standpoint. The work is exceedingly valuable as a record of well authenticated facts, manifested in every department of the inquiry, and, in a great number of cases, establishing not only the fact of the existence of abnormal phenomena, but the identity of spirits and communion therewith. Numerous citations from other works are given, enabling the student to carry his investigations farther, and the judicious arguments everywhere employed, recommend the subject in a very special manner to religious, truth-loving minds, who have not yet thrown off the yoke of sectarian bondage. The work is having a very large sale, which it well deserves.

We have a little work‡ before us, by a talented and rising literary man, on a subject well worthy of his or any other person's pen, who is an earnest searcher after truth. "This Christian Land" is meant for a satire on our so-called Christianity, and it is one which all should read and digest. The author says:—"We sit with two publications before us, a Greek Testament and an English newspaper; we have theory and practice in our hands. Do they coincide? If they do, this

* Hymns of Modern Man. By Thomas Herbert Noyes, Jun., B.A. London: Longman & Co.

† The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. By Robert Dale Owen. London: Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row.

‡ "This Christian Land," a Satire, and Something More. London: John Marven, 1 Bull and Mouth Street.

Christian land may be supposed to be the door of heaven; if they do not, what is there, according to its own showing, to distinguish it from Sodom or Babylon of old?" And he shows most clearly that they do not—that the Christianity of the day is nothing more than one huge patchwork of cant, hypocrisy, and sham. Of course most of the readers of *Human Nature* have come to this conclusion long ago; but works of this kind are necessary to the vast masses of people who are yet in the leading strings of ignorance and superstition, and it is to these we would recommend this little work.

It is a question as to how far the abundance of talk in the shape of books, tends to promote a knowledge of Spiritualism, or any other branch of science. A handsomely printed and neat volume* is before us. The object of which is to discuss the proper method in which a book on the "Evidences of Spiritualism" ought to be written. The author defends the position of the spiritualist, adduces facts and witnesses, and replies to a numerous series of objections. It has occurred to us that the shortest way of settling the question would be to try experiments, and thus test the result—each man on his own account. The work may be of benefit to those who love to derive all their ideas from books, and lean upon authority rather than upon facts independently derived.

There resides in Chard a self-taught man, Mr. James Gillingham, who, from the exercise of his native ingenuity, has acquired great celebrity as a surgical mechanist. His success in providing artificial limbs has been something wonderful; and lately he has invented an "invalid's couch" which, by a few movements, can be changed into about thirty different positions. In the course of his experiments with those who had suffered amputation, Mr. Gillingham discovered that the patient had still a consciousness of the amputated limb. He published his views in a small work,† which soon attracted the attention of the spiritualists, and was very favourably noticed in the *Medium*. The author had his attention called to that circumstance, and he was astonished to find that he had unwittingly been advocating the views entertained by spiritualists as to the "spirit body." He commenced to read on the subject, and a few months ago made a sojourn to London to investigate the matter. The results of which he has published in a tract.‡ It records the author's experience at various seances. It is a crude production both in style and thought. Mr. Gillingham looks on Spiritualism as a

* Hints for the "Evidences of Spiritualism," by M. P. Trübner & Co.

† "The Seat of the Soul." Pitman. 1s.

‡ "Eight Days with the Spiritualists; or, What led me to the Subject: What I Heard, What I Saw, and my Conclusions." Pitman. 8d.

bolster to his views on the Bible, and his personal opinions on religion generally. If this young man would eliminate from his future publications his dogmatic views on theology, and give more attention to an accurate statement of fact, his works would cost less, be much more easily read, and give more instruction.

The question of the ameliorisation of the condition of animals has asserted its importance in many minds, and at no period of human history so strongly as at the present day. This speaks well for the young spirit of philanthropy which everywhere inspires the civilisation of this century. Our view of the subject is simply this:—Enlighten and elevate humanity, and you thereby improve the condition of the animal creation. We consider it to be almost waste of time to look after cats and dogs, and neglect human beings. It is impossible for a developed human mind to be unjust or cruel to an animal, to his own species, or to himself; while all our efforts to improve man's actions will be fruitless, unless we can improve man himself. One of the most readable books in the interest of domestic animals is from the pen of Mrs. James, whose very beautiful tale, “Social Fetters,” we noticed some time ago. Her Scotch terrier, “Ugly,”* must have been a very intelligent animal, and her work is a valuable contribution to the facts of animal intelligence. The sketches of travel therein contained render the work exceedingly interesting, and the whole performance is much enhanced by the very marked literary ability of the writer.

“ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM.”

AMONG the many valuable works that have proceeded from directly inspired, or abnormal enlightened authors, during the last twenty years, the writings of Hudson Tuttle occupy a place of honour as high as any, and possess certain merits peculiar to themselves. Mr. Tuttle appears to us to have been selected by his spiritual guides as the fittest channel for communicating those scientific truths that form the proper basis for a science of human nature. This bright scholar of the celestial is emphatically what we heard him called by our friend, Mr. Burns, the other day—who, for aught we know, coined the word for the occasion, though it deserves to pass current—“a factarian.” Tuttle is very impatient of theories that will not bear the test of careful analysis and laborious research. It is curious to see this union of Dryasdust's grubbing among the details of material facts, dates, statistics, and the like, with

* “Lights and Shadows in a Canine Life, with Sketches of Travel. By Ugly's Mistress; Life Member of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in London; and of La Société Protectrice des Animaux, in Paris; Author of ‘Wanderings of a Beauty,’ ‘Muriel, or Social Fetters,’ &c.” London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

flashing sunbeams of generalisation, which clearly come from those unclouded regions of abstract thought, to which his angel ministrants delight to raise the mind.

Some of Andrew Jackson Davis's works are wonderful examples of a co-ordinating faculty—a power of arranging ideas in their proper relations—to say nothing of his noble moral tone; Mr. Peebles frequently sheds over a subject a pleasant lunar lustre of lambent enthusiasm, and a mild glow of kindly sentiment; Mrs. Hardinge pours forth the feelings of her large heart in a perfect torrent of fervid language, which can scarcely fail to leave us better for the copious baptism; the philosophic utterances of our own much-esteemed medium, Mr. Morse, professedly from Tien Sien Tie, are worthy of his old compatriot, Lan-tsze, and leave Confucius very far behind. Other well-known "writers and speakers under impression" have their distinctive gifts, which place us ordinary quill-drivers at a great disadvantage; but, for the just union of scientific fact to supra-mundane theory, commend us to Mr. Hudson Tuttle. Take, for instance, his little books, entitled "The God-Idea and Christ-Idea in History." Why, they contain the substance of Baring Gould's weighty, but erudite and scholarly volumes on "The Science of Religion," not to say Alger's invaluable repertory of all theology, "The history of the Doctrine of a Future Life."

And now we have to call attention to another production from the same untiring hand, "The Arcana of Spiritualism: a Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy." In fairness, we confess that this last book appears to us to lack a measure of that artistic arrangement and scientific precision which generally characterise the author's handiwork, but it is undoubtedly a valuable addition to our spiritual literature, and, without further preface, we shall proceed to give such a taste of its contents as, we hope, may whet our readers' appetite for more, and lead them to become acquainted with the volume in its entirety.

The work divides naturally into five sections:—Evidences of Spiritualism; the Nature of Matter; Spirit, its Phenomena and Laws; Mediumship; the Religious Aspect of Spiritualism. Under the first heading we have a review of the rise and progress of the Spiritual movement, and a discussion of the worth of testimony, clear, forcibly put, and valuable to those who are entering upon a study of the subject, but by no means novel. But the author breaks up new ground in the chapters on "Matter and Force;" and we advise our readers not to pass it over with the old witicism, "What is matter? never mind. What is mind? no matter"—or they will lose the chance of gaining some scientific ideas. The following sentences, even when taken away from their context, may serve to stimulate thought, or to awaken curiosity.

"The present tendency of thought is material, so far as abolishing miracles, and the determination of phenomena by laws are concerned; but in another direction it has an opposite tendency. The laws themselves assume a spiritual outline. Scientists are throwing aside matter, and applying themselves to the study of force. Here they find the bridge spanning

the chasm between matter and spirit; and each day they approach nearer the latter unseen and mysterious realm. Each day the existence of gross matter becomes more doubtful. It is asked, 'Is an atom more than a centre for the evolution of forces? and what assurance is there that such centres will not instantly dissolve, fading into some other forces?' When a stone is dropped into water, its surface is thrown into waves. Now it is a question of science, one of vast importance, 'Is not an atom like the central portion of those waters—a vortex, from which waves of force are constantly thrown?' Then arises the question, 'Is there any matter—is there anything but *force*?' But we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of substance; the testimony of the senses to the existence of matter, the body of the universe, to which force holds the relation of spirit.

"Heat, light, magnetism, electricity, treated as subtile, imponderable fluids pervading matter, have been proved to be forces propagated by determinate laws, mutually convertible into each other, and all capable of being produced by motion. From a given amount of electric force, a definite magnetic power, heat, light, or motion, may be obtained, or *vice versa*. When one of these expends itself, and cannot be discovered in its original condition, it can always be found in one of its other forms. This definite quantitative change has received the name of 'correlation and conservation of forces.' The first idea of force is motion. The gross idea of motion is change of matter in space. The more subtile conception fades into vibrations of matter without any relative change. Thus we have a glimpse of an impalpable something transmitted, which operates powerfully, but changes not the something in its path. Motion is resolvable into heat, light, magnetism, electricity, and what may be called, for want of a better name, spiritual power. Force is as indestructible as matter, and the imponderables are only various manifestations of force. This resolution of imponderables into motion resolves some of the greatest cosmical problems. The original heat, which once diffused the planetary bodies as vapour through space, calls for no other explanation than is furnished by conservation of force. When the exact numerical relation of heat and motion is determined, the calculation is very simple to ascertain how much heat the velocity of a planetary body represents. The equivalent of 1 degree Fahrenheit, expressed in motion, has been approximately determined by Mr. Joule as 772 lbs., falling one foot.

"The heat of the sun's surface meeting the surface of the planets, sets at work the processes of life. It is the origin of living beings, who derive from its exhilarating rays all their motion, or living force, which stands directly correlated to sunlight and heat. We are all children of the sun from the humblest worm to the distinct man. All are storehouses of these forces, which can be at any time called forth. When wood is burned, it is not newly created heat we produce, but the light and warmth of the sun exerted in building up the cells of the wood. The heat of the sun builds up a plant. This is a storehouse of these forces to the animal that eats and digests it. The original heat is liberated by the chemical action in its system; and it is warmed thereby, and tremendous muscular power derived. The same chemical processes occur when wood is burned in the furnace of an engine. The treasured *heat* is reconverted to the original *motion* of the chaos of the beginning. Thus the force of the animal frame and of the engine are reproductions of the primal forces of the planetary bodies. Ascending in this generalisation, we inquire if this correlation holds in the realm of life; if the aggregate motions we call 'life' may not be transformations of the terrible forces of nature.

"Wonderful are the motions of living beings; they seem to spring directly

from the will, and at once to be connected with a forbidden domain lying outside of matter. But careful study finds that the circulation of the fluids in the animal frame, and the motions of their organs, differs not from the motions observed in the cascade, the rush of wind, or the orbs of space. In plants, a certain amount of the force derived from their food is employed in resisting the causes of decay; but the balance is entirely used in growth. In animals, the forces of the system are also used in growth, but another direction is given to them. The animal has a nervous system, which the plant has not. By means of the nerves, all the organs of the body are brought into harmony. They are the conducting wires, by which the forces generated in the system are kept in equilibrium. Where they do not exist, there is no motion. They convey the excess of force existing in one organ to another where it is deficient, or to organs which do not generate the force which they need.

"Arising to the lofty regions of the intellect, the circulation of force still holds good. If man puts forth *intellectual effort*, it is so much *force* taken from some other direction, which is demonstrated by organic change in the body. But this by no means fully explains the phenomena of mind as is claimed by the too ardent advocates of pure materialism. Granting the cogency of proofs furnished by Spiritualism of continued existence after the dissolution of the body, then a higher correlated power is introduced. A finite man must rest upon the borders of the infinite. Spiritual beings are composed of higher forms of matter, and hence immortality does not present the impossibility of forces isolated, and the materialist has no room for his objections.

"The study of matter is being resolved with the study of forces. Most objects, as they appear to the eye of sense, are replaced by activities revealed to the eye of intellect. The conceptions of 'gross corrupt brute matter' are passing away with the prejudices of the past, and in place of a dead material world, we have a living organism of spiritual energies. This is the highest ground taken by philosophers at present; and while they congratulate themselves on their Positivism, they really are entering the vestibule of Spiritualism."

A note at the close of this portion of his subject calls attention to the interesting fact, that, when the author was writing his "Arcana of Nature," in 1858, he searched in vain for the least scientific testimony confirming its statement of principles. Then he wrote, as impressed, "Motion is ever the same, directed in different channels, and fulfilling different missions. Life is born of motion; life is the specialisation of the living principles of matter. Now, as I write," he adds, "this very doctrine that matter is nothing but force, being, in its various manifestations but a modification of motion, is everything in scientific orthodoxy." In the "Arcana" it is stated that there is no *inertia*. The statement was ridiculed, but now the idea of "inert brute matter" has passed away. (See compilation, by Youmans, of the essays of Joule, Meyer, Helmholtz, Carpenter, and Faraday.)

Passing over sections 2 and 3, we come to "The Religious Aspect of Spiritualism," which is fresh and interesting throughout. We highly approve of the advice which is tendered below "to good church members":—

"It is an easy thing to become a Christian, as that name is now employed—that is, to become a member of the church, to be regular in attendance

on Sundays, to be regular in paying quarterage, or pew-rent, and to be regular in prayers and confessions of shortcomings. Christianity is a retreat for mental laziness. There the grand problem of salvation is worked out. All that is required of the convert is to *receive the solution*. He must be like an infant or an imbecile, with open mouth ready to swallow the theological pap. The more docile, the more he stultifies his intellect, the better member he becomes.

"From this lethargy it is difficult to awake. I always feel uneasy when church-members declare themselves spiritualists. So long have they been led, that, when they find themselves cut loose, they are like children taken into the park, or young colts led out to pasture. The field cannot contain them. They run here, and they run there, and all over the premises in no time; but they weary of this when they find the old landmarks are washed away—that the old compass is useless, the log-book obsolete, and their own powers their only reliance; they soon weary, and oh! how they sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"How many have we seen of such poor souls, floating out on the great sea, weary with effort, and ready to catch a straw for support! How cheering the old day of unquestioning belief appeared to them! How they wished they had *not begun* to think! It is not well to make converts of such, unless they have power sufficient to uphold them. You make a poor spiritualist of a good church-member. You baptise him into a sea of trouble, only to see him in the end grow weary and return to the fold, when the opiate of formulas drowns his tremulous efforts. The Church is necessary for such until it is outgrown. We have often met men who had no business to be outside of its pale. They have not come out by legitimate thought; some friend has broken a paling to let them out. To such we say, Return—the sooner the better. If you cannot walk without using a broken pale for a crutch out here on the breezy coast of philosophy, you had better return; and, for fear you will come out again, replace the paling carefully after you.

"Spiritualism is not a religion descending from a foreign source, to be borne as a cross; it is an outgrowth of human nature, and the complete expression of its highest ideal. You may take the sacred books of all nations—the Shaster of the Hindoo, the Zend-avesta of the fire-worshipping Persian, the Koran of the Mohammedan, the legends of the Talmud, and on them place our own Testaments, the Old and the New—you have brought together in one mass the spiritual history, ideas, emotions, and superstitions of the early ages of man; but you have not Spiritualism—you have only a part of it.

"Spiritualism is the philosopher's highest conception of his relations to the spiritual universe, his fellow-men, and spirits; the living thought of the age, ultimating not in the perfection of religion, but in intellectual superiority, which goes onward and round the character in moral completeness. Man needs not an external revelation, but an internal illumination whereby he can understand the relations he sustains to himself, his brother men, and the physical world. Such an illumination is bestowed on, though not perceived by all. The myriad hosts of the angel-world are around us. They mingle in the affairs of men. Their atmosphere is an exhaustless fount from which we draw our thoughts. Not to the skin-clad prophets and seers of old—fierce wanderers of the desert—are we to look for truth. They may instruct us, but they are not authority. They placed themselves outside of humanity. They were warped and dwarfed by seclusion, and narrow, indeed, were their views of human needs. Not so to-day. A fountain of exhaustless flow is presented to every one, intoxicating as Castalian waters—as life-giving as the fabled springs of perpetual youth; and every one can become inspired.

with Divine life, and be a law and prophet to himself. This is the work of Spiritualism; and the world's cherished creeds are rapidly falling from their bases of sand undermined by the resistless force of the tide.

"Spiritualist!—a believer in the Divine, incarnated in the human spirit—in the glorious intercommunion of the spheres, from the most insignificant to the great Father of all! Proud name of honour!—more glorious than King, Emperor, or Czar! Why do we hear it hissed, and employed as a name and reproach by the Churches who profess to believe in spiritual existence? There can be but two parties—the Materialists and the Spiritualists. They must, then, be Materialists. They are welcome to the honourable name, which, from the purely sensuous plane that they occupy, they so well deserve. We receive the name of Spiritualist with joy. We do not wish to tone it down with an adjective. We are not Progressive, nor Liberal, nor Christian SPIRITUALISTS—by that word signifying that we are liberal, progressive, and Christian."

S. E. B.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

In noticing the above remarkable book, we cannot overlook the very striking photographic likeness of the author which faces the title-page. Those who have read the sketch of Hudson Tuttle by Emma Hardinge, in *Human Nature*, Vol. V. p.97, will naturally feel interested in the man. The student of anthropology will especially desire to note the organic developments of a mind capable of such unusual modes of action as are exhibited in the case of our transatlantic friend. The spectator is attracted by the positive, yet intelligent, far-seeing eye; the strong, yet finely pointed nose; and the massive brain, and slender face. There are more indications of intellectual power than organic harmony in the physical domain. Hence, the subject's sensations will not be at all times so healthy and happy as his mental deductions are clear and logical. The purely spiritual element is scarcely represented. Mr. Tuttle is a spiritual scientist, but not a spiritual man, and his powers direct him to a consideration of the material conditions of spiritual existence, rather than a consciousness of the metaphysical relations to the celestial grades of being which mark the experience of some other ecstasies. His attention is directed more towards the horizon than the zenith. Amongst intellectual dogs Mr. Tuttle is a mastiff of the most powerful build. He is tremendously positive and vigorous, and dares to grapple with the most uncompromising adversaries, and he grapples successfully. With irresistible power he casts about him right and left, and tossing obstacles on either side, he grips right at the real matter-of-fact truth of the subject, and holds it up in triumph to the gaze of all. This remarkable faculty is very evident in the book before us. It is a perfect encyclopædia, not only of spiritual facts, but of the whole nature of man. By dint of arrangement and subdivision, the author avoids repetition, and states clearly and succinctly every point in his argument. Each section is a work in itself—a powerful bite of the giant jaws, which have disintegrated the whole immense subject into comfortable mouthfuls for those who are only cutting their intellectual teeth.

This brain indicates great capacity for investigating the causes of things. It would be difficult for Mr. Tuttle to give the slightest adhesion to a subject which he did not, from his own individual standpoint, comprehend. He must be able to give a demonstrable reason for the faith within, or he would rather be without such a tenant.

The products of his pen are, therefore, in a remarkable degree reliable and trustworthy. No windy sentiment assails the good sense of the reader. And yet Mr. Tuttle is a poet, and in partnership with his wife Emma (by the way, the better poet of the two,) has issued several volumes. Our author is not deficient in imagination, inspiration, or refined feeling, but his impressions are on the plane of realities as experienced in the objective universe, and hence his aptitude for the position of a scientific writer.

It affords us great pleasure to introduce the works of this writer in the most cordial manner to the readers of *Human Nature*; to them his former volumes are not the products of a strange and distant clime, but the familiar words of a brother, well known and much beloved. The same pen has also repeatedly been seen, with pleasure and profit, in this magazine. Mr. Tuttle is not alone an intellectualist. He is also a philanthropist, a warm-hearted reformer, a kind and generous friend. He desires to be known as such to the readers of this periodical, and hence, through his kindness and with the consent of the publishers, we hope to be enabled to present to our readers, all the valuable works of this author at a very nominal price. As a beginning, we offer this month the "*Arcana of Spiritualism*," published at 8s. 6d., for 5s., or 5s. 6d. post free. We may not have sufficient in stock at present to meet the demand, but further supplies are being obtained from Boston.

MORE THEORIES.

MR. SERGEANT COX seems to be making himself rather ridiculous. He first infers a new force to account for the phenomena of Spiritualism, and finding that won't go down—because it has been pointed out that force is an action and not the agent—he is now in a restless spirit to explain, in anticipation of the whole evidence, but, rather unlike the proceeding of a sound lawyer, catches at Dr. Richardson's fanciful ether, and joins this with Dr. Carpenter's compound of unconscious cerebration, which he offers as an explanation of Spiritualism, thus catching at straws—and mere straws they are—to wrest a solution of the most difficult, but most important facts in philosophy; for if the facts are not to be attributed to spirits, depend upon it, the solution must be arrived at inductively—not guessed at hap-hazard, and by ignoring the main features of the case, as Faraday did, and Carpenter is doing. To me the whole proceedings, on all sides, is a new evidence and example of the wrong use of human understanding in regard to novel matters, as we all lament over in regard to questions in science long settled, but the teachings of history seem lost upon us.

SOCRATES.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY THEODORE TILTON.

(Reprinted from No. 3 of the "Golden Age Tracts," of which paper Mr. Tilton is Editor.)

[VERY different accounts are current respecting this extraordinary woman. She is, perhaps, the best abused of her sex in the world. Such infamous conduct has been reported of her that, were it not for the source from whence this testimony comes, it would be impossible to entertain it. The author, Theodore Tilton, is unimpeachable. He is one of the foremost men in America, and no one dares to characterise his report as anything but reliable. It will thus appear that Mrs. Woodhull, like many other reformers and innovators, is cruelly slandered, because misunderstood, and to introduce her to the British public in her true colours, we give publicity to Mr. Tilton's candid and, we may add, unparalleled biography.]

"He that uttereth a slander is a fool."—SOLOMON: Prov. x 18.

I SHALL swiftly sketch the life of Victoria Claflin Woodhull; a young woman whose career has been as singular as any heroine's in a romance; whose ability is of a rare and whose character of the rarest type; whose personal sufferings are of themselves a whole drama of pathos; whose name (through the malice of some and the ignorance of others) has caught a shadow in strange contrast with the whiteness of her life; whose position as a representative of her sex in the greatest reform of modern times renders her an object of peculiar interest to her fellow-citizens; and whose character (inasmuch as I know her well) I can portray without colour or tinge from any other partiality save that I hold her in uncommon respect.

In Homer, Ohio, in a small cottage, white-painted and high-peaked, with a porch running round it and a flower garden in front, this daughter, the seventh of ten children of Roxana and Buckman Claflin, was born September 23rd, 1838. As this was the year when Queen Victoria was crowned, the new-born babe, though clad neither in purple nor fine linen, but comfortably swaddled in respectable poverty, was immediately christened (though without chrism) as the Queen's namesake; her parents little dreaming that their daughter would one day aspire to a higher seat than the English throne. The Queen, with that early matronly predilection which her subsequent life did so much to illustrate, foresaw that many glad mothers, who were to bring babes into the world during that coronation year, would name them after the chief lady of the earth; and accordingly she ordained a gift to all her little namesakes of Anno Domini 1838. As Victoria Claflin was one of these, she has lately been urged to make a trip to Windsor Castle, to see the illustrious giver of these gifts, and to receive the special souvenir which the Queen's bounty is supposed to hold still in store for the Ohio babe that uttered its first cry as if to say "Long live the Queen!" Mrs. Woodhull, who is now a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, should defer this visit till after her election, when she will have a beautiful opportunity to invite her elder sister in sovereignty

—the mother of our mother country—to visit her fairest daughter, the Republic of the West.

It is pitiful to be a child without a childhood. Such was she. Not a sunbeam gilded the morning of her life. Her girlish career was a continuous bitterness—an unbroken heart-break. She was worked like a slave—whipped like a convict. Her father was impartial in his cruelty to all his children; her mother, with a fickleness of spirit that renders her one of the most erratic of mortals, sometimes abetted him in his scourgings, and at other times shielded the little ones from his blows. In a barrel of rain-water he kept a number of braided green withes made of willow or walnut twigs, and with these stinging weapons, never with an ordinary whip, he would cut the quivering flesh of the children till their tears and blood melted him into mercy. Sometimes he took a handsaw or a stick of firewood as the instrument of his savagery. Coming home after the children were in bed, on learning of some offence which they had committed, he has been known to waken them out of sleep, and to whip them till morning. In consequence of these brutalities, one of the sons, in his thirteenth year, burst away from home, went to sea, and still bears in a shattered constitution the damning memorial of a father's wrath. "I have no remembrance of a father's kiss," says Victoria. Her mother has on occasions tormented and harried her children until they would be thrown into spasms, whereat she would hysterically laugh, clap her hands, and look as fiercely delighted as a cat in playing with a mouse. At other times, her tenderness toward her offspring would appear almost angelic. She would fondle them, weep over them, lift her arms and thank God for such children, caress them with ecstatic joy, and then smite them as if seeking to destroy at a blow both body and soul. This eccentric old lady, compounded in equal parts of heaven and hell, will pray till her eyes are full of tears, and in the same hour curse till her lips are white with foam. The father exhibits a more tranquil bitterness, with fewer spasms. These parental peculiarities were lately made witnesses against their possessors in a court of justice.

If I must account for what seems unaccountable, I may say that with these parents, these traits are not only constitutional, but have been further developed by circumstances. The mother, who has never in her life learned to read, was during her maidenhood the petted heiress of one of the richest German families of Pennsylvania, and was brought up not to serve but to be served, until in her ignorance and vanity she fancied all things her own, and all people her ministers. The father, partly bred to the law and partly to real estate speculations, early in life acquired affluence, but during Victoria's third year suddenly lost all that he had gained, and sat down like a beggar in the dust of despair. The mother, from her youth, had been a religious monomaniac—a spiritualist before the name of spiritualism was coined, and before the Rochester knockings had noised themselves into the public ear. She saw visions and dreamed dreams. During the half year preceding Victoria's birth, the mother became powerfully excited by a religious revival, and went through the process known as "sanctification." She

would rise in prayer-meetings and pour forth passionate hallelujahs that sometimes electrified the worshippers. The father, colder in temperament, yet equally inclined to the supernatural, was her partner in these excitements. When the stroke of poverty felled them to the earth, these exultations were quenched in grief. The father, in the opinion of some, became partially crazed; he would take long and rapid walks, sometimes of twenty miles, and come home with bleeding feet and haggard face. The mother, never wholly sane, would huddle her children together, as a hen her chickens, and wringing her hands above them, would pray by the hour that God would protect her little brood. Intense melancholy—a misanthropic gloom thick as a sea fog—seized jointly upon both their minds, and at intervals ever since has blighted them with its mildew. It is said that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet waters and bitter, and yet affection and enmity will proceed from this couple almost at the same moment. At times, they are full of craftiness, low cunning, and malevolence; at other times, they beam with sunshine, sweetness, and sincerity. I have seen many strange people, but the strangest of all are the two parents whose commingled essence constitutes the spiritual principle of the heroine of this tale.

Just here, if any one asks, “How is it that such parents should not have reproduced their eccentricities in their children?” I answer, “This is exactly what they have done.” The whole brood are of the same feather—except Victoria and Tennie. What language shall describe them? Such another family circle of cats and kits, with soft fur and sharp claws, purring at one moment and fighting the next, never before filled one house with their clamours since Babel began. They love and hate—they do good and evil—they bless and smite each other. They are a sisterhood of furies, tempered with love’s melancholy. Here and there one will drop on her knees and invoke God’s vengeance on the rest. But for years there has been one common sentiment sweetly pervading the breasts of a majority towards a minority of the offspring, namely, a determination that Victoria and Tennie should earn all the money for the support of the numerous remainder of the Clafin tribe—wives, husbands, children, servants, and all. Being daughters of the horse-leech, they cry “give.” It is the common law of the Clafin clan that the idle many shall eat up the substance of the thrifty few. Victoria is a green leaf, and her legion of relatives are caterpillars who devour her. Their sin is that they return no thanks after meat; they curse the hand that feeds them. They are what my friend Mr. Greeley calls “a bad crowd.” I am a little rough in saying this, I admit; but I have a rude prejudice in favour of the plain truth.

Victoria’s school days comprised, all told, less than three years—stretching with broken intervals between her eighth and eleventh. The aptest learner of her class, she was the pet alike of scholars and teacher. Called “The Little Queen” (not only from her name but her demeanour), she bore herself with mimic royalty, like one born to command. Fresh and beautiful, her countenance being famed throughout the neighbourhood for its striking spirituality, modest, yet energetic, and restive from

the over-fulness of an inward energy such as quickened the young blood of Joan of Arc, she was a child of genius, toil, and grief. The little old head on the little young shoulders was often bent over her school-book at the midnight hour. Outside of the school room, she was a household drudge, serving others so long as they were awake, and serving herself only when they slept. Had she been born black, or been chained to a cart-wheel in Alabama, she could not have been a more enslaved slave. During these school years, child as she was, she was the many-burdened maid-of-all-work in the large family of a married sister; she made fires, she washed and ironed, she baked bread, she cut wood, she spaded a vegetable garden, she went on errands, she tended infants, she did everything. "Victoria! Victoria!" was the call in the morning before the cock-crowing; when, bouncing out of bed, "little steam engine," as she was styled, began her buzzing activities for the day. Light and fleet of step, she ran like a deer. She was everybody's favourite—loved, petted, and by some marvelled at as a semi-supernatural being. Only in her own home (not a sweet, but a bitter home,) was she treated with the cruelty that still beclouds the memory of her early days.

I must now let out a secret. She acquired her studies, performed her work, and lived her life by the help (as she believes) of heavenly spirits. From her childhood till now (having reached her thirty-third year) her anticipation of the other world has been more vivid than her realisation of this. She has entertained angels, and not unawares. These gracious guests have been her constant companions. They abide with her night and day. They dictate her life with daily revelation; and like St. Paul, she is "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." She goes and comes at their behests. Her enterprises are not the coinage of her own brain, but of their divine invention. Her writings and speeches are the products, not only of their indwelling in her soul, but of their absolute control of her brain and tongue. Like a good Greek of the olden time, she does nothing without consulting her oracles. Never, as she avers, have they deceived her, nor ever will she neglect their decrees. One-third of human life is passed in sleep; and in her case, a goodly fragment of this third is spent in trance. Seldom a day goes by but she enters into this fairy-land, or rather into this spirit-realm. In pleasant weather, she has a habit of sitting on the roof of her stately mansion on Murray Hill, and there communing hour by hour with the spirits. She as a religious devotee—her simple theology being an absorbing faith in God and the angels.

Moreover, I may as well mention here as later, that every characteristic utterance which she gives to the world is dictated while under spirit influence, and most often in a totally unconscious state. The words that fall from her lips are garnered by the swift pen of her husband, and published almost verbatim as she gets and gives them. To take an illustration, after her recent nomination to the Presidency by "The Victoria League," she sent to that committee a letter of superior dignity and moral weight. It was a composition which she had dictated while so outwardly oblivious to the dictation, that when she ended and

awoke, she had no memory at all of what she had just done. The product of that strange and weird mood was a beautiful piece of English, not unworthy of Macaulay; and to prove what I say, I adduce the following eloquent passage, which (I repeat) was published without change as it fell from her unconscious lips:—

“I ought not to pass unnoticed,” she says, “your courteous and graceful allusion to what you deem the favouring omen of my name. It is true that a Victoria rules the great rival nation opposite to us on the other shore of the Atlantic, and it might grace the amity just sealed between the two nations, and be a new security of peace, if a twin sisterhood of Victorias were to preside over the two nations. It is true, also, that in its mere etymology the name signifies *Victory!* and the victory for the right is what we are bent on securing. It is again true, also, that to some minds there is a consonant harmony between the idea and the word, so that its euphonious utterance seems to their imaginations to be itself a genius of success. However this may be, I have sometimes imagined that there is perhaps something providential and prophetic in the fact that my parents were prompted to confer on me a name which forbids the very thought of failure; and, as the great Napoleon believed the star of his destiny, you will at least excuse me, and charge it to the credulity of the woman, if I believe also in fatality of triumph as somehow inhering in my name.”

In quoting this passage, I wish to add that its author is a person of no special literary training; indeed, so averse to the pen that, of her own will, she rarely dips it into ink, except to sign her business autograph; nor would she ever write at all except for those spirit-promptings which she dare not disobey; and she could not possibly have produced the above peroration except by some strange intellectual quickening—some overbrooding moral help. This (as she says) she derives from the spirit-world. One of her texts is, “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help—my help cometh from the Lord who made Heaven and Earth.” She reminds me of the old engraving of St. Gregory dictating his homilies under the outspread wing of the Holy Dove.

It has been so from her childhood; so that her school studies were, literally, a daily miracle. She would glance at a page, and know it by heart. The tough little mysteries which bother the bewildered brains of country school dullards were always to her as vivid as the sunshine. And when sent on long and weary errands, she believes that she has been lifted over the ground by her angelic helpers, “lest she should dash her feet against a stone.” When she had too heavy a basket to carry, an unseen hand would sometimes carry it for her. Digging in the garden as if her back would break, occasionally a strange restfulness would refresh her, and she knew that the spirits were toiling in her stead. All this may seem an illusion to everybody else, but will never be other than a reality to her.

Let me cite some details of these spiritual phenomena, curious in themselves, and illustrating the forces that impel her career.

“My spiritual vision,” she says, “dates back as early as my third

year." In Victoria's birth place, a young woman named Rachel Scribner, about twenty-five years of age, who had been Victoria's nurse, suddenly died. On the day of her death, Victoria was picked up by her departing spirit, and borne off into the spirit-world. To this day Mrs. Woodhull describes vividly her childish sensations as she felt herself gliding through the air—like St. Catharine winged away by the angels. Her mother testifies that while this scene was enacting to the child's inner consciousness, her little body lay as if dead for three hours.

Two of her sisters, who had died in childhood, were constantly present with her. She would talk to them as a girl tattles to her dolls. They were her most fascinating playmates, and she never cared for any others while she had their invisible society.

In her tenth year, one day while sitting by the side of a cradle rocking a sick babe to sleep, she says that two angels came, and gently pushing her away, began to fan the child with their white hands, until its face grew fresh and rosy. Her mother then suddenly entered the chamber, and beheld in amazement the little nurse lying in a trance on the floor, her face turned upward toward the ceiling, and the pining babe apparently in the bloom of health.

The chief among her spiritual visitants, and one who has been a majestic guardian to her from the earliest years of her remembrance, she describes as a matured man of stately figure, clad in a Greek tunic, solemn and graceful in his aspect, strong in his influence, and altogether dominant over her life. For many years, notwithstanding an almost daily visit to her vision, he withheld his name, nor would her most importunate questionings induce him to utter it. But he always promised that in due time he would reveal his identity. Meanwhile he prophesied to her that she would rise to great distinction; that she would emerge from her poverty and live in a stately house; that she would win great wealth in a city which he pictured as crowded with ships; that she would publish and conduct a journal; and that finally, to crown her career, she would become the ruler of her people. At length, after patiently waiting on this spirit-guide for twenty years, one day in 1868, during a temporary sojourn in Pittsburgh, and while she was sitting at a marble table, he suddenly appeared to her, and wrote on the table in English letters the name "Demosthenes." At first the writing was indistinct, but grew to such a lustre that the brightness filled the room. The apparition, familiar as it had been before, now affrighted her to trembling. The stately and commanding spirit told her to journey to New York, where she would find at No. 17 Great Jones Street a house in readiness for her, equipped in all things to her use and taste. She unhesitatingly obeyed, although she never before had heard of Great Jones Street, nor until that revelatory moment had entertained an intention of taking such a residence. On entering the house, it fulfilled in reality the picture which she saw of it in her vision—the self-same hall, stairways, rooms, and furniture. Entering with some bewilderment into the library, she reached out her hand by chance, and without knowing what she did, took up a book which, on idly looking at its title,

she saw (to her blood-chilling astonishment) to be "The Orations of Demosthenes." From that time onward, the Greek statesman has been even more palpably than in her earlier years her prophetic monitor, mapping out the life which she must follow, as a chart for a ship sailing the sea. She believes him to be her familiar spirit—the author of her public policy, and the inspirer of her published words. Without intruding my own opinion as to the authenticity of this inspiration, I have often thought that if Demosthenes could arise and speak English, he could hardly excel the fierce light and heat of some of the sentences which I have heard from this singular woman in her glowing hours.

I now turn back to her first marriage. The bride (pitiful to tell) was in her fourteenth year, the bridegroom in his twenty-eighth. It was a fellowship of misery—and her parents, who abetted it, ought to have prevented it. The Haytians speak of escaping out of the river by leaping into the sea. From the endurable cruelty of her parents, she fled to the unendurable cruelty of her husband. She had been from her twelfth to her fourteenth year a double victim, first to chills and fever, and then to rheumatism, which had jointly played equal havoc with her beauty and health, until she was brought within a step of "the iron door." Dr. Canning Woodhull, a gay rake, but whose habits were kept hid from her under the general respectability of his family connections (his father being an eminent judge, and his uncle the mayor of New York), was professionally summoned to visit the child, and being a trained physician arrested her decline. Something about her artless manners and vivacious mind captivated his fancy. Coming as a prince, he found her as Cinderella—a child of the ashes. Before she entirely recovered, and while looking haggard and sad, one day he stopped her in the street, and said, "My little chick, I want you to go with me to the pic-nic"—referring to a projected Fourth of July excursion then at hand. The promise of a little pleasure acted like a charm on the house-worn and sorrow-stricken child. She obtained her mother's assent to her going, but her father coupled it with the condition that she should first earn money enough to buy herself a pair of shoes. So the little fourteen-year-old drudge became for the nonce an apple-merchant, and with characteristic business energy sold her apples and bought her shoes. She went to the pic-nic with Dr. Woodhull, like a ticket-of-leave juvenile delinquent on a furlough. On coming home from the festival, the brilliant fop who, tired of the *demi-monde* ladies whom he could purchase for his pleasure, and inspired with a sudden and romantic interest in this artless maid, said to her, "My little puss, tell your father and mother that I want you for a wife." The startled girl quivered with anger at this announcement, and with timorous speed fled to her mother and repeated the tale, feeling as if some injury was threatened her, and some danger impended. But the parents, as if not unwilling to be rid of a daughter whose sorrow was ripening her into a woman before her time, were delighted at the unexpected offer. They thought it a grand match. They helped the young man's suit, and augmented their persecutions of the child. Ignorant, innocent, and simple, the girl's chief thought of the proffered marriage

was as an escape from the parental yoke. Four months later she accepted the change—flying from the ills she had to others that she knew not of. Her captor, once possessed of his treasure, ceased to value it. On the third night after taking his child-wife to his lodgings, he broke her heart by remaining away all night at a house of ill-repute. Then for the first time she learned, to her dismay, that he was habitually unchaste, and given to long fits of intoxication. She was stung to the quick. The shock awoke all her womanhood. She grew ten years older in a single day. A tumult of thoughts swept like a whirlwind through her mind, ending at last in one predominant purpose, namely, to reclaim her husband. She set herself religiously to this pious task—calling on God and the spirits to help her in it.

Six weeks after her marriage (during which time her husband was mostly with his cups and his mistresses), she discovered a letter addressed to him in a lady's elegant penmanship, saying, "Did you marry that child because she too was *en famille*?" This was an additional thunderbolt. The fact was that her husband, on the day of his marriage, had sent away into the country a mistress who a few months later gave birth to a child.

Squandering his money like a prodigal, he suddenly put his wife into the humblest quarters, where, left mostly to herself, she dwelt in bitterness of spirit, aggravated from time to time by learning of his ordering baskets of champagne and drinking himself drunk in the company of harlots.

Sometimes, with uncommon courage, through rain and sleet, half clad and shivering, she would track him to his dens, and by the energy of her spirit compel him to return. At other times, all night long she would watch at the window, waiting for his footsteps, until she heard them languidly shuffling along the pavement with the staggering reel of a drunken man, in the shameless hours of the morning.

During all this time, she passionately prayed Heaven to give her the heart of her husband, but Heaven, decreeing otherwise, withheld it from her, and for her good.

In fifteen months after her marriage, while living in a little low frame-house in Chicago, in the dead of winter, with icicles clinging to her bed-post, and attended only by her half-drunken husband, she brought forth in almost mortal agony her first-born child. In her ensuing helplessness, she became an object of pity to a next-door neighbour who, with a kindness which the sufferer's unhomelike home did not afford, brought her day by day some nourishing dish. This same ministering hand would then wrap the babe in a blanket, and take it to a happier mother in the near neighbourhood, who was at the same time nursing a new-born son. In this way Victoria and her child—themselves both children—were cared for with mingled gentleness and neglect.

At the end of six days, the little invalid attempted to rise and put her sick-room in order, when she was taken with delirium, during which her mother visited her just in time to save her life.

On her recovery, and after a visit to her father's house, she returned

to her own to be horror-struck at discovering that her bed had been occupied the night before by her husband in company with a wanton of the streets, and that the room was littered with the remains of their drunken feast.

Once, after a month's desertion by him, until she had no money and little to eat, she learned that he was keeping a mistress at a fashionable boarding-house, under the title of wife. The true wife, still wrestling with God for the renegade, sallied forth into the wintry street, clad in a calico dress without under-garments, and shod only with india-rubbers without shoes or stockings, entered the house, confronted the household as they sat at table, told her story to the confusion of the paramour and his mistress, and drew tears from all the company till, by a common movement, the listeners compelled the harlot to pack her trunk and flee the city, and shamed the husband into creeping like a spaniel back into the kennel which his wife still cherished as her home.

To add to her misery, she discovered that her child, begotten in drunkenness, and born in squalor, was a half idiot; predestined to be a hopeless imbecile for life; endowed with just enough intelligence to exhibit the light of reason in dim eclipse,—a sad and pitiful spectacle in his mother's house to-day, where he roams from room to room, muttering noises more sepulchral than human; a daily agony to the woman who bore him, hoping more of her burden; and heightening the pathos of the perpetual scene by the uncommon sweetness of his temper which, by winning every one's love, doubles every one's pity.

Journeying to California as a region where she might inspire her husband to begin a new life freed from old associations, she there found herself and her little family strangers in a strange city—beggars in a land of plenty. Change of sky is not change of mind. Dr. Woodhull took his habits, his wife took her necessities, and both took their misery, from east to west. In San Francisco, the girlish woman, with unrelaxed energy, and as part of that life-long heroism which will one day have its monument, set herself to supporting the man by whom she ought to have been supported. A morning journal had an advertisement—"A cigar girl wanted." The wife, with her face of sweet sixteen, presented herself as the first candidate, and was accepted on the spot. The proprietor was a stalwart Californian—one of those men who catch from the new country something of the liberality which the sailor brings from the sea. She served for one day behind his counter—blushing, modest, and sensitive, her ears tingling at every rude remark by every uncouth customer—and at nightfall her employer, who had noticed the blood coming and going in her cheeks, said to her, "My little lady, you are not the clerk I want; I must have somebody who can rough it; you are too fine." Inquiring into her case, he was surprised to find her married and a mother. At first he discredited this information, but there was no denying the truth of her story. He accompanied her to her husband, and as the two men discovered themselves to each other as brother free-masons, he gave his fair clerk of a day a twenty-dollar gold piece, and dismissed her with his blessing. And I hope this has been revisited on his own head.

Resorting to her needle, she carried from house to house this only weapon which many women possess wherewith to fight the battle of life. She chanced to come upon Anna Cogswell, the actress, who wanted a sempstress to make her a theatrical wardrobe. The winsome dressmaker was engaged at once. But her earnings at this new calling did not keep pace with her expenses. "It is no use," said she to her dramatic friend; "I am running behindhand. I must do something better." "Then," replied the actress, "you too must be an actress." And, nothing loth to undertake anything new and difficult, Victoria, who never before had dreamed of such a possibility, was engaged as a lesser light to the Cogswell star. For a first appearance, she was cast in the part of the "Country Cousin" in "New York by Gaslight." The text was given to her in the morning, she learned and rehearsed it during the day, and made a fair hit in it at night. For six weeks thereafter, she earned fifty-two dollars a week as an actress.

"Never leave the stage," said some of her fellow-performers, all of whom admired her simplicity and spirituality. "But I do not care for the stage," she said, "and I shall leave it at the first opportunity. I am meant for some other fate. But what it is, I know not."

It came—as all things have come to her—through the agency of spirits. One night while on the boards, clad in a pink silk dress and slippers, acting in the ball-room scene in the "Corsican Brothers," suddenly a spirit-voice addressed her, saying, "Victoria, come home!" Thrown instantly into clairvoyant condition, she saw a vision of her young sister Tennie, then a mere child—standing by her mother, and both calling the absent one to return. Her mother and Tennie were then in Columbus, Ohio. She saw Tennie distinctly enough to notice that she wore a striped French calico frock. "Victoria, come home!" said the little messenger, beckoning with her childish forefinger. The apparition would not be denied. Victoria, thrilled and chilled by the vision and voice, burst away at a bound behind the scenes, and without waiting to change her dress, ran, clad with all her dramatic adornments, through a foggy rain to her hotel, and packing up a few things that night, betook herself with her husband and child next morning to the steamer bound for New York. On the voyage she was thrown into such vivid spiritual states, that she produced a profound excitement among the passengers. On reaching her mother's home, she came upon Tennie dressed in the same dress as in the vision; and on inquiring the meaning of the message, "Victoria, come home!" was told that at the time it was uttered, her mother had said to Tennie, "My dear, send the spirits after Victoria to bring her home;" and moreover the French calico dress had appeared to her spirit-sight at the very first moment its wearer had put it on.

This homeward trip, and its consequences, marked a new phase in her career—a turning point in her life.

Hitherto her clairvoyant faculty had been put to no pecuniary use, but she was now directed by the spirits to repair to Indianapolis, there to announce herself as a medium, and to treat patients for the cure of disease. Taking rooms in the Bates House, and publishing a card in

the journals, she found herself able, on saluting her callers, to tell by inspiration their names, their residences, and their maladies. In a few days she became the town's talk. Her marvellous performances in clairvoyance being noised abroad, people flocked to her from a distance. Her rooms were crowded and her purse grew fat. She reaped a golden harvest—including, as its worthiest part, golden opinions from all sorts of people. Her countenance would often glow as with a sacred light, and she became an object of religious awe to many wonder-stricken people whose inward lives she had revealed. Moreover, her unpretentious modesty, and her perpetual disclaimer of any merit or power of her own, and the entire crediting of this to spirit-influence, augmented the interest with which all spectators regarded the amiable prodigy. First at Indianapolis, and afterward at Terre Haute, she wrought some apparently miraculous cures. She straightened the feet of the lame; she opened the ears of the deaf; she detected the robbers of a bank; she brought to light hidden crimes; she solved physiological problems; she unveiled business secrets; she prophesied future events. Knowing the wonders which she wrought, certain citizens disguised themselves and came to her purporting to be strangers from a distant town, but she instantly said, "Oh, no; you all live here." "How can you tell?" they asked. "The spirits say so," she replied.

Benedictions followed her; gifts were lavished upon her; money flowed in a stream toward her. Journeying from city to city in the practice of her spiritual art, she thereby supported all her relatives far and near. Her income in one year reached nearly a hundred thousand dollars. She received in one day, simply as fees for cures which she had wrought, five thousand dollars. The sum total of the receipts of her practice, and of her investments growing out of it, up to the time of its discontinuance by direction of the spirits in 1869, was 700,000 dollars. The age of wonders has not ceased!

During all this period, though outwardly prosperous, she was inwardly wretched. The dismal fact of her son's half-idiocy so preyed upon her mind that, in a heat of morbid feeling, she fell to accusing her innocent self for his misfortunes. The sight of his face rebuked her, until, in brokenness of spirit, she prayed to God for another child—to be born with a fair body and a sound mind. Her prayer was granted, but not without many accompaniments of inhumanity. Once during her carriage of her unborn charge, she was kicked by its father in a fit of drunkenness—inflicting a bruise on her body and a greater bruise to her spirit. Profound as her double suffering was, in its lowest depth there was a deeper still. She was plunged into this at the child's birth. This event occurred at No. 53 Bond Street, New York, April 23rd, 1861. She and her husband were at the time the only occupants of the house—her trial coming upon her while no nurse, or servant, or other human helper was under the roof. The babe entered the world at four o'clock in the morning, handled by the feverish and unsteady hands of its intoxicated father, who, only half in possession of his professional skill, cut the umbilical cord too near the flesh and tied it so loose that the string came off—laid the babe in its

mother's arms—in an hour afterward left them asleep and alone—and then staggered out of the house. Nor did he remember to return. Meanwhile, the mother, on waking, was startled to find that her head on the side next to her babe's body was in a pool of blood—that her hair was soaked and clotted in a little red stream oozing drop by drop from the bowels of the child. In her motherly agony, reaching a broken chair-rung which happened to be lying near, she pounded against the wall to summon help from the next house. At intervals for several hours she continued this pounding, no one answering—until at length one of the neighbours, a resolute woman, who was attracted toward the noise, but unable to get in at the front-door, removed the grating of the basement, and made her way up stairs to the rescue of the mother and her babe. On the third day after, the mother, on sitting propped in her bed and looking out of the window, caught sight of her husband staggering up the steps of a house across the way, mistaking it for his own!

It was this horrible experience that first awoke her mind to the question,—“Why should I any longer live with this man?” Hitherto she had entertained an almost superstitious idea of the devotion with which a wife should cling to her husband. She had always been so faithful to him that, in his cups, he would mock and jeer at her fidelity, and call her a fool for maintaining it. At length the fool grew wiser, and after eleven years of what, with conventional mockery, was called a marriage—during which time her husband had never spent an evening with her at home, had seldom drawn a sober breath, and had spent on other women, not herself, all the money he had ever earned—she applied in Chicago for a divorce, and obtained it.

Previous to this crisis, there had occurred a remarkable incident which had more than ever confirmed her faith in the guardianship of spirits. One day, during a severe illness of her son, she left him to visit her patients, and on her return was startled with the news that the boy had died two hours before. “No,” she exclaimed, “I will not permit his death.” And with frantic energy she stripped her bosom naked, caught up his lifeless form, pressed it to her own, and sitting thus, flesh to flesh, glided insensibly into a trance in which she remained seven hours, at the end of which time she awoke, a perspiration started from his clammy skin, and the child that had been thought dead was brought back again to life—and lives to this day in sad half-death. It is her belief that the spirit of Jesus Christ brooded over the lifeless form, and re-wrought the miracle of Lazarus for a sorrowing woman's sake.

Victoria's father and mother, growing still more fanatical with their advancing years, had all along subjected her to a series of singular vexations. And the elder sisters had joined in the mischief-making, out-doing the parents. Sometimes they would burst in upon Mrs Woodhull's house and attempt to govern its internal economy; sometimes they would carry off the furniture, or garments, or pictures; sometimes they would crown her with eulogies as the greatest of human beings, and in the same breath defame her as an agent of the devil.

But their great cause of persecution grew out of her young sister Tennie's career. This young woman developed, while a child in her father's house, a similar power to Victoria's. It was a penetrating spiritual insight applied to the cure of disease. But her father and mother, who regarded their daughter in the light of the damsel mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, who "brought her masters much gain by soothsaying," put her before the public as a fortune-teller. By adding to much that was genuine in her mediumship more that was charlatanry, they aroused against this fraudulent business the indignation of the sincere soul of Victoria, who, more than most human beings, scorns a lie, and would burn at the stake rather than practise a deceit. She clutched Tennie as by main force, and flung her out of this semi-humbug, to the mingled astonishment of her money-greedy family, one and all. At this time Tennie was supporting a dozen or twenty relatives by her ill-gotten gains. Victoria's rescue of her excited the wrath of all these parasites—which has continued hot and undying against both to this day. The fond and fierce mother alternately loves and hates the two united defiers of her morbid will; and the father, at times a Mephistopheles, waits till the inspiration of cunning overmasters his parental instinct, and watching for the moment when his ill word to a stranger will blight their business schemes, drops in upon some capitalist whose money is in their hands, lodges an indictment against his own flesh and blood, takes out his handkerchief to hide a few well-feigned tears, clasps his hand with an unfelt agony, hobbles off smiling sardonically at the mischief which he has done, and the next day repents his wickedness with genuine contrition and manlier woe. These parents would cheerfully give their lives as a sacrifice to atone for the many mischiefs which they have cast like burrs at their children; but if all the scars which they and their progeny have inflicted on one another could be magically healed to-day, they would be scratched open by the same hands, and set stinging and tingling anew to-morrow.

There is a maxim that marriages are made in heaven, albeit contradicted by the Scripture, which declares that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. But, even against the Scripture, it is safe to say that Victoria's second marriage was made in heaven; that is, it was decreed by the self-same spirits whom she is ever ready to follow, whether they lead her for discipline into the valley of the shadow of death, or for comfort in those ways of pleasantness which are paths of peace. Col. James H. Blood, commander of the 6th Missouri Regiment, who at the close of the war was elected City Auditor of St Louis, who became president of the Society of Spiritualists in that place, and who had himself been, like Victoria, the legal partner of a morally sundered marriage, called one day on Mrs Woodhull, to consult her as a spiritualistic physician (having never met her before), and was startled to see her pass into a trance, during which she announced, unconsciously to herself, that his future destiny was to be linked with hers in marriage. Thus, to their mutual amazement, but to their subsequent happiness, they were betrothed on the spot by the "powers of the air." The legal tie by which at first they bound

themselves to each other was afterward, by mutual consent, annulled—the necessary form of Illinois law being complied with to this effect. But the marriage stands on its merits, and is to all who witness its harmony known to be a sweet and accordant union of congenial souls.

Col. Blood is a man of a philosophic and reflective cast of mind, an enthusiastic student of the higher lore of Spiritualism, a recluse from society, and an expectant believer in a stupendous destiny for Victoria. A modesty not uncommon to men of intellect prompts him to sequester his name in the shade, rather than to set it glittering in the sun. But he is an indefatigable worker, driving his pen through all hours of the day and half of the night. He is an active editor of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, and one of the busy partners in the firm of Woodhull, Claflin & Co., Brokers, at 44 Broad Street, New York. His civic views are (to use his favourite designation of them) cosmopolitical; in other words, he is a radical of extreme radicalism—an internationalist of the most uncompromising type—a communist who would rather have died in Paris than be the president of a pretended republic whose first official act has been the judicial murder of the only republicans in France. His spiritualistic habits he describes in a letter to his friend, the writer of this memorial, as follows:—"At about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, two or three times a week, and sometimes without nightly interval, Victoria and I hold parliament with the spirits. It is by this kind of study that we both have learned nearly all the valuable knowledge that we possess. Victoria goes into a trance, during which her guardian spirit takes control of her mind, speaking audibly through her lips, propounding various matters for our subsequent investigation and verification, and announcing principles, detached thoughts, hints of systems, and suggestions for affairs. In this way, and in this spiritual night-school, began that process of instruction by which Victoria has risen to her present position as a political economist and politician. During her entranced state, which generally lasts about an hour, but sometimes twice as long, I make copious notes of all she says, and when her speech is unbroken, I write down every word, and publish it without correction or amendment. She and I regard all the other portion of our lives as almost valueless compared with these midnight hours." The preceding extract shows that this fine-grained transcendentalist is a reverent husband to his spiritual wife, the sympathetic companion of her entranced moods, and their faithful historian to the world.

After her union with Col. Blood, instead of changing her name to his, she followed the example of many actresses, singers, and other professional women whose names have become a business property to their owners, and she still continues to be known as Mrs. Woodhull.

One night, about half a year after their marriage, she and her husband were wakened at midnight in Cincinnati by the announcement that a man by the name of Dr. Woodhull had been attacked with delirium tremens at the Burnet House, and in a lucid moment had spoken of the woman from whom he had been divorced, and begged to see her. Col. Blood immediately took a carriage, drove to the hotel, brought the

wretched victim home, and jointly with Victoria took care of him with life-saving kindness for six weeks. On his going away they gave him a few hundred dollars of their joint property to make him comfortable in another city. He departed full of gratitude, bearing with him the assurance that he would always be welcome to come and go as a friend of the family. And from that day to this, the poor man, dilapidated in body and emasculated in spirit, has sometimes sojourned under Victoria's roof and sometimes elsewhere, according to his whim or will. In the present ruins of the young gallant of twenty years ago, there is more manhood (albeit an expiring spark like a candle at its socket) than during any of the former years: and to be now turned out of doors by the woman whom he wronged, but who would not wrong him in return, would be an act of inhumanity which it would be impossible for Mrs. Woodhull and Col. Blood either jointly or separately to commit. For this piece of noble conduct—what is commonly called her living with two husbands under one roof—she has received not so much censure on earth as I think she will receive reward in heaven. No other passage of her life more signally illustrates the nobility of her moral judgments, or the supernal courage with which she stands by her convictions. Not all the clamorous tongues in Christendom, though they should simultaneously cry out against her "Fie, for shame!" could persuade her to turn this wretched wreck from her home. And I say she is right: and I will maintain this opinion against the combined Pecksniffs of the whole world.

This act, and the malice of enemies, together with her bold opinions on social questions, have combined to give her reputation a stain. But no slander ever fell on any human soul with greater injustice. A more unsullied woman does not walk the earth. She carries in her very face the fair legend of a character kept pure by a sacred fire within. She is one of those aspiring devotees who tread the earth merely as a stepping-stone to Heaven, and whose chief ambition is finally to present herself at the supreme tribunal "spotless, and without wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing." Knowing her as well as I do, I cannot hear an accusation against her without recalling Tennyson's line of King Arthur,

"Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame?"

Fulfilling a previous prophecy, and following a celestial mandate, in 1869 she founded a bank and published a journal. These two events took the town by storm. When the doors of her office in Broad Street were first thrown open to the public, several thousand visitors came in a flock on the first day. The "lady brokers," as they were called (a strange confession that brokers are not always gentlemen) were besieged like lionesses in a cage. The daily press interviewed them; the weekly wits satirised them; the comic sheets caricatured them; but like a couple of fresh young dolphins, breasting the sea, side by side, they showed themselves native to the element, and cleft gracefully every threatening wave that broke over their heads. The breakers could not dash the brokers. Indomitable in their energy, the sisters won the good graces of Commodore Vanderbilt—a fine old gentleman of comfortable means, who of all the lower animals prefers the horse, and of

all the higher virtues admires pluck. Both with and without Commodore Vanderbilt's help, Mrs. Woodhull has more than once shown the pluck that has held the rein of the stock market as the Commodore holds his horse. Her journal, as one sees it week by week, is generally a willow-basket full of audacious manuscripts, apparently picked up at random and thrown together pell-mell, stunning the reader with a medley of politics, finance, free-love, and the pantarchy. This sheet, when the divinity that shapes its ends shall begin to add to the rough-hewing a little smooth-shaping; in other words, when its unedited chaos shall come to be moulded by the spirits to that order which is Heaven's first law: this not ordinary but "cardinary" journal, which is edited in one world, and published in another, will become less a confusion to either, and more a power for both.

In 1870, following the English plan of self-nomination, Mrs. Woodhull announced herself as a candidate for the Presidency—mainly for the purpose of drawing public attention to the claims of woman to political equality with man. She accompanied this announcement with a series of papers in the *Herald* on politics and finance, which have since been collected into a volume entitled "The Principles of Government." She has lately received a more formal nomination to that high office by "The Victoria League," an organization which, being somewhat Jacobinical in its secrecy, is popularly supposed, though not definitely known, to be presided over by Commodore Vanderbilt, who is also similarly imagined to be the golden corner-stone of the business house of Woodhull, Claflin & Co. Should she be elected to the high seat to which she aspires (an event concerning which I make no prophecy), I am at least sure that she would excel any Queen now on any throne in her native faculty to govern others.

One night in December, 1869, while she lay in deep sleep, her Greek guardian came to her, and sitting transfigured by her couch, wrote on a scroll (so that she could not only see the words, but immediately dictated them to her watchful amanuensis) the memorable document now known in history as "The Memorial of Victoria C. Woodhull"—a petition addressed to Congress, claiming under the Fourteenth Amendment the right of women as of other "citizens of the United States" to vote in "the States wherein they reside"—asking, moreover, that the State of New York, of which she was a citizen, should be restrained by Federal authority from preventing her exercise of this constitutional right. As up to this time neither she nor her husband had been greatly interested in woman suffrage, he had no sooner written this manifesto from her lips, than he awoke her from the trance, and protested against the communication as nonsense, believing it to be a trick of some evil-disposed spirits. In the morning the document was shown to a number of friends, including one eminent judge, who ridiculed its logic and conclusions. But the lady herself, from whose sleeping, and yet unsleeping brain the strange document had sprung, like Minerva from the head of Jove, simply answered that her antique instructor, having never misled her before, was guiding her aright then. Nothing doubting, but much wondering, she took the novel demand to Washington, where,

after a few days of laughter from the shallow-minded, and of neglect from the indifferent, it suddenly burst upon the Federal Capitol like a storm, and then spanned it like a rainbow. She went before the Judiciary Committee, and delivered an argument in support of her claim to the franchise under the new Amendments, which some who heard it pronounced one of the ablest efforts which they had ever heard on any subject. She caught the listening ears of Senator Carpenter, General Butler, Judge Woodward, George W. Julian, General Ashley, Judge Loughridge, and other able statesmen in Congress, and harnessed these gentlemen as steeds to her chariot. Such was the force of her appeal, that the whole city rushed together to hear it, like the Athenians to the market-place, when Demosthenes stood in his own and not a borrowed clay. A great audience, one of the finest ever gathered in the Capitol, assembled to hear her defend her thesis in the first public speech of her life. At the moment of rising, her face was observed to be very pale, and she appeared about to faint. On being afterward questioned as to the cause of her emotion, she replied that, during the first prolonged moment, she remembered an early prediction of her guardian spirit, until then forgotten, that she would one day speak in public, and that her first discourse would be pronounced in the capital of her country. The sudden fulfilment of this prophecy smote her so violently that for a moment she was stunned into apparent unconsciousness. But she recovered herself, and passed through the ordeal with great success—which is better luck than happened to the real Demosthenes; for Plutarch mentions that his maiden speech was a failure, and that he was laughed at by the people.

Assisted by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Paulina Wright Davis, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Susan B. Anthony, and other staunch and able women, whom she swiftly persuaded into accepting this construction of the Constitution, she succeeded, after her petition was denied by a majority of the Judiciary Committee, in obtaining a minority report in its favour, signed jointly by General F. Butler of Massachusetts, and Judge Loughridge of Iowa. To have clutched this report from General Butler—as it were a scalp from the ablest head in the House of Representatives—was a sufficient trophy to entitle the brave lady to an enrolment in the political history of her country. She means to go to Washington again next winter to knock at the half-opened doors of the Capitol until they shall swing wide enough asunder to admit her enfranchised sex.

I must say something of her personal appearance although it defies portrayal, whether by photograph or pen. Neither tall nor short, stout nor slim, she is of medium stature, lithe and elastic, free and graceful. Her side face, looked at over her left shoulder, is of perfect aquiline outline, as classic as ever went into a Roman marble, and resembles the masque of Shakespeare taken after death; the same view, looking from the right, is a little broken and irregular; and the front face is broad, with prominent cheek bones, and with some unshapely nasal lines. Her countenance is never twice alike, so variable is its expression and so dependent on her moods. Her soul comes into it and goes out of it, giving her at one time the look of a superior and almost saintly intelli-

gence, and at another leaving her dull, commonplace, and unprepossessing. When under a strong spiritual influence, a strange and mystical light irradiates from her face, reminding the beholder of the Hebrew Lawgiver who gave to men what he received from God, and whose face during the transfer shone. Tennyson, as with the hand of a gold-beater, has beautifully gilded the same expression in his stanza of St. Stephen, the Martyr, in the article of death:

“And looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place,
God’s glory smote him on the face.”

In conversation, until she is somewhat warmed with earnestness, she halts, as if her mind were elsewhere, but the moment she brings all her faculties to her lips for the full utterance of her message, whether it be of persuasion or indignation, and particularly when under spiritual control, she is a very orator for eloquence—pouring forth her sentences like a mountain stream, sweeping away everything that frets its flood.

Her hair which, when left to itself is as long as those tresses of Hortense in which her son Louis Napoleon used to play hide-and-seek, she now mercilessly cuts close like a boy’s, from impatience at the daily waste of time in suitably taking care of this prodigal gift of nature.

She can ride a horse like an Indian, and climb a tree like an athlete; she can swim, row a boat, play billiards, and dance; moreover, as the crown of her physical virtues, she can walk all day like an English-woman.

“Difficulties,” says Emerson, “exist to be surmounted.” This might be the motto of her life. In her lexicon (which is still of youth) there is no such word as fail. Her ambition is stupendous—nothing is too great for her grasp. Prescient of the grandeur of her destiny, she goes forward with a resistless fanaticism to accomplish it. Believing thoroughly in herself (or rather not in herself but in her spirit-aids) she allows no one else to doubt either her or them. In her case the old miracle is enacted anew—the faith which removes mountains. A soul set on edge is a conquering weapon in the battle of life. Such, and of Damascus temper, is hers.

In making an epitome of her views, I may say that in politics she is a downright democrat, scorning to divide her fellow-citizens into upper and lower classes, but ranking them all in one comprehensive equality of right, privilege, and opportunity; concerning finance, which is a favourite topic with her, she holds that gold is not the true standard of money-value, but that the government should abolish the gold-standard, and issue its notes instead, giving to these a fixed and permanent value, and circulating them as the only money; on social questions, her theories are similar to those which have long been taught by John Stuart Mill and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and which are styled by some as free-love doctrines, while others reject this appellation on account of its popular association with the idea of a promiscuous intimacy between the sexes—the essence of her system being that marriage is of the heart and not of the law, that when love ends marriage should end with it, being dissolved by nature, and that no civil statute should out-

wardly bind two hearts which have been inwardly sundered; and finally, in religion, she is a spiritualist of the most mystical and ethereal type.

In thus speaking of her views, I will add to them another fundamental article of her creed, which an incident will best illustrate. Once a sick woman who had been given up by the physicians, and who had received from a Catholic priest extreme unction in expectation of death, was put into the care of Mrs. Woodhull, who attempted to lure her back to life. This zealous physician, unwilling to be baffled, stood over her patient day and night, neither sleeping nor eating for ten days and nights, at the end of which time she was gladdened not only at witnessing the sick woman's recovery, but at finding that her own body, instead of weariness or exhaustion from the double lack of sleep and food, was more fresh and bright than at the beginning. Her face, during this discipline, grew uncommonly fair and ethereal; her flesh wore a look of transparency; and the ordinary earthiness of mortal nature began to disappear from her physical frame and its place to be supplied with what she fancied were the foretokens of a spiritual body. These phenomena were so vivid to her own consciousness and to the observation of her friends, that she was led to speculate profoundly on the transformation from our mortal to our immortal state, deducing the idea that the time will come when the living human body, instead of ending in death by disease, and dissolution in the grave, will be gradually refined away until it is entirely sloughed off, and the soul only, and not the flesh, remains. It is in this way that she fulfils to her daring hope the prophecy that "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

Engrossed in business affairs, nevertheless at any moment she would rather die than live—such is her infinite estimate of the other world over this. But she disdains all commonplace parleying with the spirit-realm such as are had in ordinary spirit-manifestations. On the other hand, she is passionately eager to see the spirits face to face—to summon them at her will and commune with them at her pleasure. Twice (as she unshakenly believes) she has seen a vision of Jesus Christ—honoured thus doubly over St. Paul, who saw his Master but once, and then was overcome by the sight. She never goes to any church—save to the solemn temple whose starry arch spans her housetop at night, where she sits like Simeon Stylites on his pillar, a worshipper in the sky. Against the inculcations of her childish education, the spirits have taught her that he whom the Church calls the Saviour of the world is not God but man. But her reverence for him is supreme and ecstatic. The Sermon on the Mount fills her eyes with tears. The exulting exclamations of the Psalmist are her familiar outbursts of devotion. For two years, as a talisman against any temptation toward untruthfulness (which, with her, is the unpardonable sin) she wore, stitched into the sleeve of every one of her dresses, the 2nd verse of the 120th Psalm, namely, "Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue." Speaking the truth punctiliously, whether in great things or small, she so rigorously exacts the same of others, that a deceit practised upon her enkindles her soul to a flame of fire;

and she has acquired a clairvoyant or intuitive power to detect a lie in the moment of its utterance, and to smite the liar in his act of guilt. She believes that intellectual power has its fountains in spiritual inspiration. And once when I put to her the searching question, "What is the greatest truth that has ever been expressed in words?" she thrilled me with the sudden answer, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

As showing that her early clairvoyant power still abides, I will mention a fresh instance. An eminent judge in Pennsylvania, in whose court-house I had once lectured, called lately to see me at the office of *THE GOLDEN AGE*. On my inquiring after his family, he told me that a strange event had just happened in it. "Three months ago," said he, "while I was in New York, Mrs. Woodhull said to me, with a rush of feeling, 'Judge, I foresee that you will lose two of your children within six weeks.'" This announcement, he said, wounded him as a tragic sort of trifling with life and death. "But," I asked, "did anything follow the prophecy?" "Yes," he replied, "fulfilment; I lost two children within six weeks." The Judge, who is a Methodist, thinks that Victoria the clairvoyant is like "Anna the prophetess."

Let me say that I know of no person against whom there are more prejudices, nor any one who more quickly disarms them. This strange faculty is the most powerful of her powers. She shoots a word like a sudden sunbeam through the thickest mist of people's doubts and accusations, and clears the sky in a moment. Questioned by some committee or delegation who have come to her with idle tales against her busy life, I have seen her swiftly gather together all the stones which they have cast, put them like the miner's quartz into the furnace, melt them with fierce and fervent heat, bring out of them the purest gold, stamp thereon her image and superscription as if she were sovereign of the realm, and then (as the marvel of it all) receive the sworn allegiance of the whole company on the spot. At one of her public meetings when the chair (as she hoped) would be occupied by Lucretia Mott, this venerable woman had been persuaded to decline this responsibility, but afterwards stepped forward on the platform and lovingly kissed the young speaker in presence of the multitude. Her enemies (save those of her own household) are strangers. To see her is to respect her—to know her is to vindicate her. She has some impetuous and headlong faults, but were she without the same traits which produce these she would not possess the mad and magnificent energies which (if she lives) will make her a heroine of history.

In conclusion, amid all the rush of her active life, she believes with Wordsworth that

"The gods approve the depth and not
The tumult of the soul."

So, whether buffeted by criticism or defamed by slander, she carries herself in that religious peace which, through all turbulence, is a "measureless content." When apparently about to be struck down, she gathers unseen strength and goes forward conquering and to conquer. Known only as a rash iconoclast, and ranked even with the

most uncouth of those noise-makers who are waking a sleepy world before its time, she beats her daily gong of business and reform with notes not musical but strong, yet mellows the outward rudeness of the rhythm by the inward and devout song of one of the sincerest, most reverent, and divinely-gifted of human souls.

P O E T R Y.

PAST AND FUTURE.

The old year hath gone; let it go
 With its joy and its woe!
 It hath done all it can
 For woman and man.
 'Tis bootless to grieve;
 Let us try to believe
 It is better to hope and resolve.

The old year hath gone, with its aims,
 Its errors, and shames.
 They can't be condoned,
 But must be atoned
 To the uttermost tithe,
 Though the spirit should writhe
 In the conflict for ages untold.

The new year hath come, with its hours
 For the awakening of powers,
 That have paltered or slept,
 When they should have been kept,
 Like a huntsman in chase,
 Solely bent on the race
 Toward the perfectly good—humanity's goal,
 Whose seeds the Omniscient hath planted in all.

A. T. S.

THE WEeping WILLOW.

I LOVE it much, and ever shall, that weeping willow tree;
 How many dreams of bygone hours it bringeth back to me—
 How oft I watch its branches droop, and touch the water's brim—
 And then I conjure up the past, and think I talk with him!

I think of that sweet summer's eve, the pleasant moon did shine,
 We stood beneath the willow tree—he said, "Wilt thou be mine?"
 I answered not; he read my thought—I was too glad to speak,
 But I felt the pressure of his hand, and his warm breath on my cheek.

Forget-me-nots grew thick around, and skirted all the shore,
 He gather'd one, and smiling said—"Keep this for evermore."
 I took it, and I homewards walk'd, no shade was on my brow;
 And I placed it in my bosom then—but oh! 'tis wither'd now!

The flower faded very soon—but, ere then, faded he ;
 We laid him down to rest, beneath the weeping willow tree,
 Whose drooping branches shade him from the heat of high noon-day,
 And at night the moon sheds o'er his grave, her soft and mellow ray.

Now very oft I sit alone, with my casement open wide,
 And I hear the branches waving, and the rushing of the tide ;
 And I watch until the rosy clouds tell of approaching day ;
 Then I rise, and to the willow tree I slowly wend my way.

Now when I take my work, and sit beneath the garden trees,
 Full oft I seem to hear his voice come floating on the breeze,
 And while I listen with delight—"Come, come!" I hear it say,
 "Come, come!" it echoes 'mid the hills, then softly dies away.

Thus, when I hear this murmur borne, like music on the wind,
 No wonder that I long to leave this world of care behind,
 And join him in that fairer land, where death may never be—
 That land of lasting happiness and Immortality!

E. M. G.

ASTROLOGY.*

THIS so-called science is a topic which has long formed the battle-ground for numerous hot disputes. That it numbers amongst its votaries men of probity and high attainments, is the rule rather than the exception. Its most worthless adherents may perhaps be found amongst those professors of the art of casting nativities, who, pandering to a vulgar taste, degrade the science by applying it to unworthy purposes. It affords us pleasure to know that the gentleman who personates "Zuriel" is actuated by loftier principles, and evinces a desire to give real information on the subject of his annual. This year's, the second of the series, is a manifest improvement upon its predecessor. The amount of original matter is much increased. Two articles, "Reminiscences of Urania; or, A Brief Account of the History of Astrology," and "Astrology and the Scriptures," give some highly interesting and curious information on the origin and nature of ancient faiths and their bearings upon the present intellectual phenomena of the world. We observe in these researches curious connections between the various obsolete systems; stone worship, with its phallic associations; and astral worship, merging into the earlier magnetic philosophies, with their practical accessories of trance and prophecy. That these are rich fields of investigation every well-informed man need not be told, and also that much contained in the Bible is incomprehensible without considerable acquaintance with these past forms of thought, of which so little is known at the present day.

* Zuriel's Voice of the Stars; or, Scottish Prophetic Messenger, for 1872, comprising—Predictions of Events, Probable Weather, &c., that will occur during the Year 1872, the Year of Strife; along with numerous useful Tables, and a variety of Interesting Matter. London: Burns.

. Zuriel prepares his readers for calamities in the coming year. War threatens England, and pestilence and other woes scourge the people, in London more especially. The author points with triumph to his successful predictions in the past, for details respecting which we must refer the reader to his little publication.

THE DEFINITE AND THE INFINITE.

As my views of science have been connected with certain remarks in the Melbourne *Leader*, perhaps I may be allowed to state my entire dissent from the idea of an infinite, or all but infinite progression. The infinite refers to quantity but not to qualities, although it is an almost universal misconception to suppose otherwise. Forms and qualities have definite limit, or what we term perfection—as the perfect cube, or square, or circle; or the perfection of any particular colour, or form of being, or quality of substance—and the abstract notion of an indefinite perfection is simple nonsense. Perfection must be limited; and definite and indefinite perfection is a contradiction in terms. Nay, in nature generally there are, and must be, certain cardinal principles on which the whole depends, just as the whole is based on certain mathematical truths, so that if you were to go into any other star you must certainly find the very same mathematical table as taught in our schools. Again, infinite power and goodness is simply nonsense, as quality—the infinite applying only to quantity, as when we speak of infinite space, or of infinite worlds in space.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Now is the time to subscribe for the *Banner of Light*. By remitting 15s. to the Progressive Library it will be sent to your address weekly for 1872.

Our sprightly little contemporary, the *Medium*, comes out this week on fine paper, with a new artistic heading by Mr. Bielfeld, and enlarged in size. We are glad to observe that our little sister merits the warm sympathies and kind attentions of the great family of Spiritualists.

Freelight rather belies its name. It does not do justice to Spiritualism. Articles on the subject have been suppressed, while conceited diatribes in opposition have been therein published. We are glad to know that our contemporary has a fine circulation, upon which generous diet we hope she may assume a position of independence and fearless love of truth. *Freelight* must not obscure her bright eyes with foggy sentimentalisms.

The *American Spiritualist*, edited by Hudson Tuttle and J. M. Peebles, is to be published weekly from this date. With it for 1872 will be given gratis Mrs. Woodhull's paper; subscriptions received at the Progressive Library, which, including postage on both, will amount to about 17s. 6d. for the whole year. A copy coming into each district would prove interesting.

EDITORIAL NOTES, &c.

J. M. PEEBLES is lecturing at New Orleans.

A. J. DAVIS has left his residence at Orange, and appears to be on travel.

J. J. MORSE, trance medium, has recently paid a visit to Birmingham with most satisfactory results.

J. BURNS, of the Progressive Library, has been lecturing on the Dialectical Society's Report with good effect.

EMMA HARDINGE writes frequently in the *Medium*. Her last letter was on her experiences with Mumler, the medium for spirit photographs. Accompanying her letter was a packet of specimens of photographs of spirits, which may be seen at our office.

SUNDAY evening services for spiritualists are being carried on vigorously at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, London, where they were first instituted by J. M. Peebles. Mr. Morse generally speaks in the trance, under the control of his spirit guides.

It is gratifying to learn that the subscription sale of Trance Paintings, by D. Duguid, of Glasgow, is progressing favourably. Some of our friends take as many as ten or a dozen tickets to encourage the project. Mr. Duguid is worthy of it all, and the unqualified esteem of every spiritualist to boot. The drawing takes place in February, so our readers must do what they can for the sale of tickets this month.

WE ARE pleased to observe that our friend Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S. of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has a work in preparation on "Coal Measure Palæontology," giving an account of organic remains in the carboniferous strata in Northumberland. The work will contain 233 illustrations, and refer to similar objects in other parts of the world. Some months ago Mr. Barkas showed us a specimen of glass found embedded in coal, which, if artificial glass, must throw a new light upon the agency of human beings during the carboniferous era.

AMONGST public mediums none occupy a more prominent position than Messrs. Herne and Williams, who have so long held seances at the Spiritual Institution. Recently they have had some very striking experiments at the house of Mrs. Berry. This lady, who is a great patron of mediumship, and of those young men in particular, has constructed a cabinet, in which there is an iron gate. The mediums are shut in behind this gate, and yet hands and faces are seen at the opening in the outer door. We learn that these young men intend taking a tour into the provinces, and we can recommend our readers to get them up nice harmonious seances wherever it may be possible to do so.

MISS KATE FOX has recently arrived in this country from New York, and is at present residing in London. It will be remembered that it was in her father's house, and through her mediumship, that the first spiritual manifestations were obtained. Her sisters and herself had to suffer much persecution in the establishment of the phenomena at

Rochester, as may be learned from a perusal of Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism. Since that time Miss Fox has been almost uninterruptedly a medium, and, through her presence, Mr. Livermore, of New York, has, from time to time, enjoyed such veritable intercourse with his deceased wife, that he has munificently afforded Miss Fox the means of visiting this country. She does not come amongst us in the capacity of a medium, but as a lady, and manifestations through her mediumship are only to be obtained in those families who may be favoured by a visit from her. The *Medium* has recently contained accounts of sittings with Miss Fox, at the house of Mrs. Macdougall Gregory. These reports have been furnished by our friend Mr. J. W. Jackson, which is ample guarantee for the intelligent and pleasant manner in which they are written.

RECENTLY there has arrived from America a clairvoyant and test medium, whose powers are exciting considerable interest in London. We refer to Miss Lottie Fowler, who acquired considerable notoriety in America by foretelling the explosion of a cartridge factory at Bridgeport, Conn. Her private seances with one individual are very remarkable experiences. She describes not only the deceased but the living relatives of the sitter; gives a retrospect of his career, and often of that of his parents; then goes into family connections, and ends by prognosticating for the future. Quite a number of her foretellings have been verified. On the 9th of December she wrote to Sandringham, stating that the Prince of Wales would be on the way to recovery on the 16th of the month. At the time we write, this prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, and we hope that, before this meets the reader's eye, His Royal Highness will have reached a point entirely beyond the chance of a recurrence of the dangerous symptoms. She also asserted that Blegg, the groom, would die. Miss Fowler is in the habit of giving public seances, where she gives tests to those whose spirit friends influence her. The conditions attending her mediumship are rather delicate, hence she is not equally successful on all occasions. Her address in London is 24 Keppel Street, Russell Square.

MISCELLANEA.

"MY CREED."

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds,
 When Charity is seen; that when
 We climb to heaven, 'tis on the round
 Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
 A selfish schemer's vain pretence;
 Where centre is not, can there be
 Circumference?

This I moreover hold and dare
 Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go—
 Whatever things be sweet or fair,
 Love makes them so

Whether it be the lullabies
 That charm to rest the nestling bird,
 Or that sweet confidence of sighs
 And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
 Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
 Or by some cabin-door a bush
 Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
 Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
 That make us saints; we judge the tree
 By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
 From works on theologic trust,
 I know the blood about his heart
 Is dry as dust.

NATIONAL DEGENERACY OF FRANCE.

THE collapse of France in the late war has led one of her savants to investigate the proximate causes of the fatal degeneracy she then exhibited. M. Jolly, a distinguished member of the Academy of Medicine, has recently read a paper before that learned society, in which, with considerable show of reason, he attributes the powerlessness then evinced to the combined effect of Alcohol and Nicotine upon the national character. Tobacco, says Dr. Jolly, although of only recent introduction, has gained upon its older rival. Imitativeness and "moral contagion" have done their work, until the use of this poison has penetrated everywhere—has enslaved the nation, caused personal and racial degeneracy, enervated the entire army, and made it slow to fight, and powerless in action. The use both of spirits and tobacco has frightfully increased, and human depravity could scarcely devise a worse compound than the mixture of brandy and tobacco, which is the latest liquid novelty patronised by Parisian sensualists. We are accustomed to think of the Germans as great drinkers and smokers. In warfare, however, they are pitilessly severe against the crime of intoxication. The French consume more tobacco than any other nation. The cigar has become almost inseparable from almost every function of civil and military life. In this matter the proverbial French politeness is far behind that of England. On this side the channel there are still certain places and seasons at which the most devoted slave of the pipe would not dream of smoking; but France has cast off all restraint. M. Jolly says, "She has found it simpler and easier to poison herself freely."

Tobacco costs Paris 500,000 francs a day. Enough to find bread for two million people. The wild saturnalia of blood and destruction

which has been held in Paris is, M. Jolly continues, only the natural result of the double intoxication of alcohol and nicotine. These two plagues have been more disastrous to fair France than war itself, and have contributed largely to the defeats of her armies. French soldiers, muddled and blinded by drink and tobacco, have fallen easy victims to the hardy Teutons. Wounded drunkards cannot be cured; all, or nearly all die, whilst sober individuals with graver injuries readily recover.

Nervous diseases have multiplied. The increase in the number of lunatics Dr. Jolly finds to be in definite proportion to the amount expended upon strong drink and tobacco. They are chiefly *of the male sex, and especially of the military profession, i.e.*, that portion of the population most given to the use of stimulants and narcotics. Such are some of the striking facts contained in M. Jolly's paper. They are certainly worthy of careful attention. It is wisdom to profit from the misfortunes of others, by avoiding the errors which have caused them. Let the wreck piled on the French shore be a beacon to the English mariner. Let England to-day look to her own enormous and yearly increasing consumption of alcoholic liquors and tobacco, or, when too late, like France, with her dissipation and degeneracy, she may find that she has sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

A NEW METHOD OF EXTINGUISHING FIRE.—The London papers have of late been busy recording the success attending the trial of Mr. Atkins' wonderful inventions for extinguishing flames. By the use of a pump attached to a peculiar little furnace, certain proportions of animal, vegetable, and mineral charcoal are burned, and the carbonic acid thus generated is incorporated with water through a peculiarly-constructed nozzle, and sprinkled on the flames in the form of a heavy spray. Immense piles of burning faggots saturated with tar and mixed with asphalte were subdued almost instantaneously. The quantity of water used is quite small. By altering the proportions of fuel, the gases assume a variety of useful powers in preserving and clarifying food, &c. Further striking results may be expected when improvements now in hand have been effected.

A CURIOUS EFFECT OF SMALL-POX.—A lady correspondent thus writes:—Permit me to ask you to consider if I am justified in publishing my personal experience of the beneficial effects of small-pox. I was married at eighteen, and ten years afterwards I took infection, from serving little mendicants with bread, who had left a home where a child was just dead, to carry infection from house to house (as no cleansing process had been used in their case). I recovered, and to that time had been childless. I became so restored to good health that the organism being strengthened and cleansed, it was fitted to reproduce. I had my first child the same year, and nine others came in after years—a sufficient proof that my sickness had been beneficial.